

THE

National AND ENGLISH Review

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NOVEMBER, 1956

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MELBOURNE, 1956

by Hamilton Kerr, M.P.

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THE CROSLAND VERSION

by Lord Altrincham

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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The Cover Picture is an aerial view of the Olympic Stadium at Melbourne. (Photograph by Keystone.)

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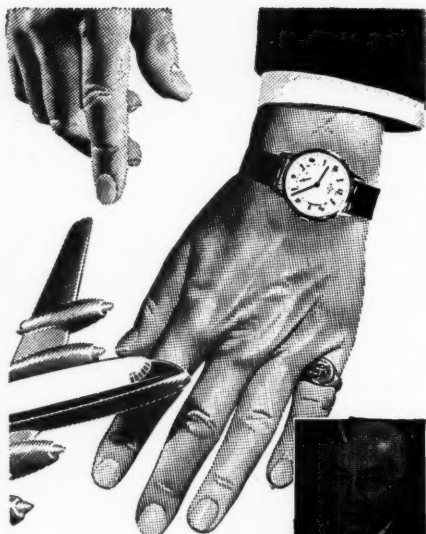
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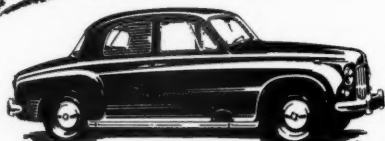
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

As we go to press it appears that Hungary, like Poland, has shaken off the yoke of alien tyranny. Our deep respect is due to those patriots, living and dead, who have made this great achievement possible.

Suez: Sleight of Hand by the Government

AT Llandudno the Government brought off a truly remarkable conjuring trick. Instead of being censured for its arrant mishandling of the Suez dispute, it received an almost unanimous vote of confidence. The explanation of this is twofold. First, the delegates to British party conferences are in general quite unqualified to discuss foreign affairs; they are only prepared to listen to fustian on the subject, and the political bosses take full advantage of this fact. Secondly, on this occasion the "Suez rebels," who might have made even the Government's policy seem tame and insipid, were brilliantly outmanœuvred. The platform accepted their addendum to the official motion, with the result that their rabble-raising speeches were delivered for rather than against the Government. Only when Mr. Nutting was winding up the debate did it become clear that the Government's interpretation of the additional words was vitally different from that of the Suez rebels; and by then it was too late for them to go back on their demonstration of loyal support. Meanwhile the mass of delegates was of course quite unaware that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

The plain fact is that the Government has now decided—very much behind time

—to treat the proposals of the eighteen Powers as a basis for negotiation. (Mr. Menzies, it will be remembered, presented these proposals to Colonel Nasser in the form of an ultimatum.) There is now more chance of a settlement than there was before the Security Council meetings, but the Government has yet to escape from its fatal commitment to the word "control," and it has yet to find some means of dressing up a major humiliation to look like a diplomatic triumph. The world is not so gullible as the delegates at Llandudno.

Personal Successes

The Prime Minister was well received by the Conservative rank and file and his authority in the Party, though less than it might appear, is still more than adequate for political survival. Among the less intelligent members of the Party his stock has actually risen as a result of his blunderings and posturings over Suez.

Mr. Butler was, however, the star of the Conference. His reputation, which had sunk very low last year, has been more than restored, and there is no doubt that he was more popular among the delegates than his rival, Mr. Macmillan. The Prime Minister mentioned them both in the course of his speech, and whereas Mr. Macmillan's name was greeted with

moderate applause, Mr. Butler's evoked enthusiasm. It is sad to reflect that if anything were to happen to Sir Anthony Eden each of the great political parties would be led by a "calculating machine." Perhaps a clever, cold-blooded man is better than one who is apt to be carried away by irrational impulses; but better still is one who has the true gift of leadership and whose character contains an element of genuine exaltation. Both Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Butler have tried hard to give the impression that they are warm-hearted, spontaneous, unself-regarding men; but the suspicion remains that Butskellism and opportunism have much in common.

All praise to Mr. Duncan Sandys, who had the courage to announce that there would be sweeping measures to deal with rent restriction. We said last month that such action was urgently needed, and Mr. Sandys has not shirked his duty. Praise is also due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for putting to the Conference the idea of a European common market. This will be discussed in detail later, but we must record here that Mr. Macmillan broached the topic with such skill that it did not encounter any of the hostility which it might so easily have aroused.

At the Labour Party Conference the biggest personal success was, of course, scored by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, whose election as Party Treasurer was a just recognition of his pre-eminent gifts. But it does not necessarily represent any "shift to the Left" in the Labour Party. Mr. Bevan himself is regarded by many so-called Bevanites as being a Right-wing Socialist, and while he is capable of Quixotic behaviour (all leaders should be) he is certainly not blind to political realities.

Calder Hall

On October 17 the Queen opened the world's first atomic power station at Calder Hall in Cumberland. This was a great event and much of the Wellsian emotion which it called forth was justified. It is indeed stimulating to the imagination that atomic power should be so harnessed

for peaceful purposes, and that Britain should have a clear lead over the rest of the world in this line of development. We can now at least feel that the failure of our coal industry will not bring upon us the economic disaster which would otherwise have been inevitable. Within a few years all the additional generating capacity which is needed to meet the rising demand for electricity will come from atomic power stations. But of course the coal industry will be of vital importance to the country for as far ahead as we can foresee, and no amount of "new age" romanticizing should be allowed to obscure this fact.

Calder Hall illustrates the interdependence of atomic production for peace and war. Plutonium will be a by-product of the new power station, and the sale of it for defence purposes will reduce the cost of electricity supplied to the Grid. It is to be hoped that the know-how acquired by the scientists and engineers who have built Calder Hall will be a major asset to the country in the conditions of increasingly severe trade competition which lie ahead.

European Common Market

The idea of a European common market, which Mr. Macmillan submitted first to the other Commonwealth Finance Ministers in Washington, and then to the Conservative delegates at Llandudno, is by no means new. It was first put forward at a conference of the Schuman Plan countries at Messina in July of last year, and since then committees under the chairmanship of M. Spaak have been reading and drafting reports, and framing treaties on the common market and Euratom.

Suddenly the Federation of British Industries awoke to the dangers of a scheme which would give Western Germany a home market of 160 millions. But at first there was much misunderstanding by the public of the issues involved, and it is indeed necessary to be clear on what exactly is proposed. Six nations of Western Europe—France, Ger-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH



THE QUEEN OPENING BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC POWER STATION AT CALDER HALL.

Photo: Keystone.

many, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg—propose to fuse their economies; they will dismantle all artificial barriers to the movement of goods, services, labour and capital between their countries, and establish a common tariff on imports from outside. Wages and social service payments will find their own level, and eventually the various factors preventing mobility of labour and capital will be removed. This means in effect that a population equal to that of the United States will be surrounded by a tariff wall.

The common tariff will be at three different levels—one for raw materials, one for semi-finished products and one for manufactured goods. The industries of the six nations will have a home market three times the size of our own. They will be able to take full advantage of automation and other technological advances without fear of redundancy. Their industries will have room to grow. So far as exports are concerned, mass production on a bigger scale than ever before will so reduce costs that it will be very hard for outside countries to compete. Clearly it would be unthinkable for Britain to look the other way and allow herself to be excluded from this arrangement.

What are Our Chances?

It does not follow, however, that every British manufacturer from London to Glasgow should be throwing his hat in the air. A common market means free trade; and this in its turn means a free-for-all in which the best man wins.

At the present time Britain's visible trade with the "Six" is fairly evenly balanced. Some 13 per cent. of our total exports go to them, but these represent only 6 per cent. of their imports. A wide range of products enters into this trade, but there is no reason to think that any of our exports would prove indispensable.

From our point of view the main problem is Germany. If a common market is set up without British participation, Germany will be sure to dominate it and to produce a flood of exports for the

markets of the world. One of the objects of M. Jean Monnet and the other originators of the Schuman Plan was to forge institutional links which would bind Germany to the West. Will the common market complete this process, or will it give Germany the conditions for an economic expansion which might be the prelude to political expansion a decade from now? Just as the *Zollverein* helped to give Prussia the hegemony of Germany, so the common market may help to give Germany the hegemony of Europe. M. Spaak and Company may, in their innocence, be handing to the Germans in the peaceful atmosphere of smoke-filled committee rooms what they have failed to obtain in two aggressive wars.

Commonwealth Preference must be Safeguarded

However this may be, we cannot dictate to Europe. By our ambiguous attitude in the early post-war years we led many Europeans to suppose that we had federalist inclinations. Sir Winston Churchill was, alas, particularly to blame in this respect. This *Review* always protested with the utmost vehemence against the foolish, neo-Carolingian cant which was then fashionable, especially among those whose knowledge of the Continent of Europe was either non-existent or not very profound. But the harm was done and we must now fend for ourselves as best we may in the dangerous and challenging situation which has resulted.

First, we must be careful to safeguard the principle of Commonwealth Preference (which is surely a better expression than Imperial Preference). Mr. Macmillan was quite right to consult the other Finance Ministers of the Commonwealth as a preliminary to any decision being reached by the Government of this country. He was also quite right to say at Llandudno that if there were ever a question of choosing between Europe and the Commonwealth, the Commonwealth would infallibly come first. (It is a pity the Government has failed to act in this spirit during the Suez crisis.)

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Preference tends either to be treated on an emotional level, which gives it an importance it no longer deserves, or to be dismissed as of no consequence. In fact it is not the actual trading benefits that matter; in crude economic terms Commonwealth Preference has only a marginal effect on Britain's trade to-day. Besides, the Ottawa structure is no longer viewed with reverent pride by all our partners. Nevertheless, the principle at stake is vital and we must never forget that the Commonwealth as a whole is an almost limitless reservoir of raw materials.

The common market is essentially a long-term project, which it will take ten to fifteen years to implement. Tariffs will be reduced gradually and the formation of a common tariff will require many years of bargaining. The proposal that Britain should join with the "Six" in a free trade area, while keeping control over her own tariff policy *vis-à-vis* outside countries, may therefore be given favourable consideration. There will be time for those industries, such as leather and textiles, which will be exposed to heavy competition from Europe, to put their own houses in order. There will also be time for our trade union leaders to turn their minds to the problems involved, and to prepare their members. But there will be no time for recrimination and idle complaint.

Satellite Ferment

The "diplomatic illness" has for long been a recognized ploy of statesmanship, and the new variation which has recently been seen in Moscow and Belgrade has an almost nostalgic air. The spectacle of the leaders of the Communist world trying to solve their differences by hopping from spa to spa while pretending to take the cure is one from which a hard-pressed Western world is entitled to draw a little amusement and, as it turns out, encouragement.

The idea that the wretched health of Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Tito—the latter apparently catching the disease from the former and neither trusting the healing waters of their own countries—was the only cause of this astonishing activity, was

speedily exploded by a blunt Yugoslav communiqué which referred to "serious differences" that had arisen in the ideological field. The Russians, however, stuck firmly to the original story long after everyone outside their own country had ceased to believe it.

The information which we possess is considerable, the speculation which has been built upon it mountainous. It would appear certain that, at the beginning of September, a circular letter was sent from Moscow to the Communist parties in the satellite countries warning them not to take too literally Mr. Khrushchev's statement that there was more than one road to Socialism; that Marshal Tito somewhat understandably took offence at this; that Mr. Khrushchev went to Belgrade, and subsequently took the Marshal to Yalta, in an attempt to find a *modus vivendi*; and that the attempt failed. On this basis, the speculators have built up a story of violent dissension in the Kremlin, with Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mikoyan hotly challenged by Mr. Molotov and Mr. Malenkov. The best that can be said about these stories is that, while there is not an iota of proof, they are perfectly possible.

Poland and Hungary

But while we have no proof as to what is happening in the Soviet Union, events in the satellite countries are by no means so shrouded. In Poland and Hungary, at any rate, the advance of Titoism in the last few months has been so rapid that we may well find ourselves faced with two more "independent Communist" States before the year is out. Contrary to every precedent, the trials of the rioters in Poznan were conducted by standards which approximate, however loosely, to Western ideas of the freedom of the judiciary; and the sentences meted out for such crimes as beating policemen to death were derisory. In the triumphant re-emergence of Mr. Gomulka, the Poles have their Tito already in being, and the exclusion of Marshal Rokossovsky is a major reverse for the Russians.

In Hungary another Tito, Mr. Nagy,

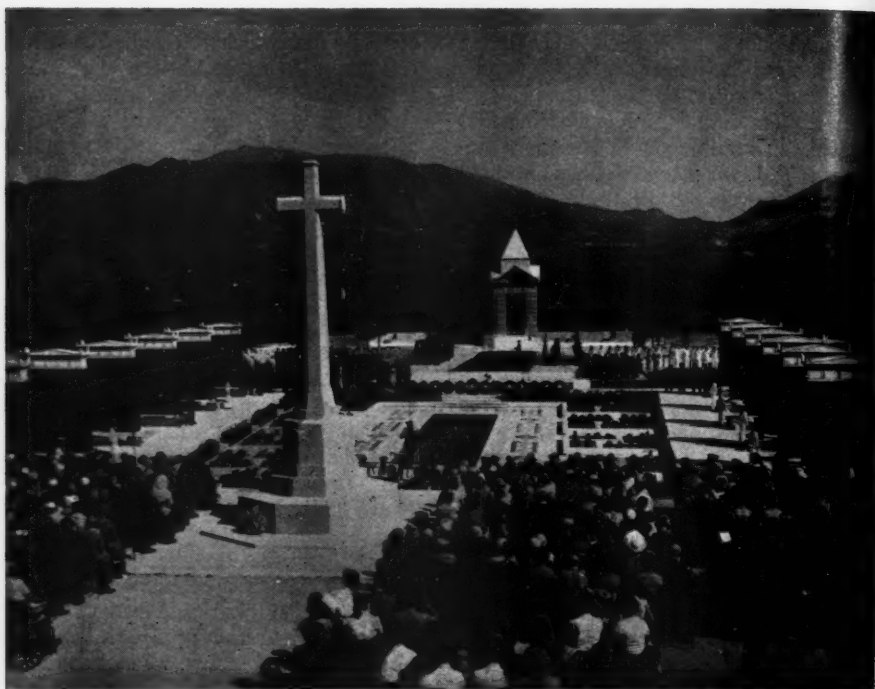


Photo: A.P.

SEPTEMBER 30th: LORD ALEXANDER OF TUNIS UNVEILS THE COMMONWEALTH WAR MEMORIAL AT CASSINO.

has also come to the fore again, and the Stalinist Rakosi has apparently had to take refuge in the Soviet Union, presumably in order to prevent his becoming the central figure in a trial in which he would have had to denounce the Kremlin. At the moment civil war is raging in Hungary and Mr. Nagy is struggling to resist the extreme pressure of anti-Russian feeling. When national sentiment has been suppressed for so long, the reaction is often very hard to control—even by accepted nationalist leaders.

All in all, there would seem to be a ferment among the satellites unequalled since the days of 1948, and there can be little doubt that Belgrade, if not actively encouraging it, views the prospect without alarm. The West should see in this an opportunity for negotiation, but should not forget that, with all the blessings and advantages of the new situation, the likelihood of German unity is now stronger than ever and has to be faced.

Shall We Never Learn ?

The two pictures reproduced above give lurid proof that the British are capable of losing both their sanity and their sense of fitness—especially, as it seems, when dealing with the Germans.

On September 30, Lord Alexander of Tunis unveiled a memorial at Cassino to the 4,628 British Commonwealth servicemen who fell in the battle for Cassino and the 4,608 others who died in the Italian campaign and have no known graves. The very night before, veterans of the Eighth Army held a reunion in Düsseldorf with veterans of the *Afrika Corps*, at which Major-General Anderson, Chief of Staff of B.A.O.R., drank to the health of Field-Marshal Kesselring. It would be hard to imagine a more distasteful episode than this, or one more insulting to the memory of those who died at Cassino and elsewhere. Kesselring was convicted as a war criminal and sentenced to death in 1947, and although he has since been par-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH



Photo : A.P.

SEPTEMBER 29th: MAJOR-GENERAL ANDERSON LIFTS HIS GLASS TO FIELD-MARSHAL KESSELRING IN DÜSSELDORF.

done and released he is hardly the sort of man to whom a high-ranking British officer should raise his glass. Besides, there is a deep misjudgment of values in treating a war such as the last—or any war for that matter—as though it were almost a sporting event, like a football match, which those who took part in it can later discuss and recollect together in an atmosphere of conviviality. By all means let us try and forgive the Germans for what they did, but let us not in the process forget the past or dishonour those whose sacrifice has enabled us to enjoy the present in freedom.

Incidentally, childish faith in Western Germany as a loyal member of N.A.T.O. has received a jolt in Dr. Adenauer's bland announcement that he cannot fulfil his military obligations, and the ruthless way in which his Defence Minister, Herr Blank, has been dropped from the Bonn Cabinet. The Germans, we insist, have

not lost their desire to dominate, but they now know that they can best hope to achieve mastery in the world by economic and political, rather than by military, means.

Kenya Elections

The first instalment of elections in Kenya was a rather confused affair, and it has produced a somewhat confused result. The best that can be said is that the more extreme anti-multiracialists were defeated and that Mr. Michael Blundell, whose defeat in his own constituency was confidently and cheerfully predicted by many ill-wishers, was in fact re-elected and is still Minister of Agriculture in the new Government.

The crucial test will come next year when African elections are to be held. So far only a handful of those Africans who are entitled to register have done so, and if the rest decide to boycott the election a

very serious situation will arise. Meanwhile we can only say that white extremism has been held at bay, and that there is still a fair chance that the multi-racial experiment may succeed.

Another Minister of Defence

When Sir Walter Monckton was appointed to the Ministry of Defence at the end of last year we expressed surprise, because "it had been put about *ad nauseam* that [he] was too tired to remain in the Cabinet." This being so it seemed to us very curious that he should be given a post which called for the utmost energy and a continuity of tenure which had been lacking in previous years. This comment, alas, was justified and Sir Walter has now resigned on grounds of health, being retained in the Cabinet in the capacity of Paymaster-General. Last month Professor Norman Gibbs argued in these columns that we should have a stronger Ministry of Defence; it is evident that the Minister too should be stronger, at any rate in the physical sense.

We have no reason to believe that Sir Walter's successor, Mr. Antony Head, will be lacking in physical vigour, but in other ways it is rather hard to justify his appointment. The War Office, over which he has presided for the last five years, has been guilty of many muddles and miscalculations, for which he must presumably take the responsibility. The Suez crisis in particular has exposed the fact that, in spite of much previous talk about building up a mobile reserve in this country, no such force was available for immediate despatch to the Middle East; and even if it had been available it could not have been transported. Thousands of reservists had to be called up, and the state of their morale has been such that there have been a number of incidents very injurious to the reputation of the British Army. In these circumstances it was hardly to be expected that the Secretary of State for War would be promoted to higher office.

His place has been taken by Mr. John Hare, who at least can be said to know

more about the Army (he was once a Lieutenant-Colonel) than he did about the Colonies.

Government and the Gallows

On October 22 the organisers of the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment presented to the Prime Minister a petition, or "memorial," which had been signed by about 2,500 people holding responsible positions in the community. Among these were many eminent doctors and scientists, a strikingly large number of educationists, and—perhaps most significant of all—numerous people of importance in the legal profession and prison service, including some senior probation officers. This petition must at least have convinced the Prime Minister that those who have close contact with criminals are not necessarily in favour of the death penalty. It is also an effective answer to those who still maintain that the case for abolition is purely emotional, while the case for retention is strictly rational. In view of what happened when capital punishment was discussed at Llandudno, it would hardly be possible for anyone—even the Home Secretary—to believe that the popular belief in hanging rests upon quiet common sense.

The Government has, however, announced that it will introduce a Bill to amend the law of murder, in which the death penalty will be retained for certain types of offender. The illogicality and hypocrisy of this decision are quite bewildering. In the first place, what about the Government's oft-repeated (though highly unconstitutional) argument that the Silverman Bill should not be passed, because the people have not been consulted? There is no suggestion that a referendum will be held to test the measure of popular support for the Government's own measure, the principle of which was never mentioned at the last election. Besides, how will it be possible to justify the resumption of hanging, when during the time that it has been in abeyance there has manifestly been no sudden outburst of violence? If the Home Secretary's

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH



Liberace (see p. 238)

Bolshoi Ballet

advisers were right—the police and prison officers he so often quotes—there should in recent months have been a veritable plethora of murders. Everyone with homicidal instincts or predatory designs should have got to work while the going was good. The fact that this has not happened must surely suggest even to the most prejudiced mind that the death penalty is not the indispensable deterrent it has been claimed to be.

We can only hope that the Tory abolitionists will stand firm in spite of Mr. Nigel Nicolson's bad example. In ten years from now—or even less—their conduct will be universally praised, while the attitude of those who are clinging to the gallows will be treated with pitying contempt.

After an agonizing period of doubt the eagerly awaited visit to this country of the Bolshoi Theatre Company took place in October, and it is to be hoped that these magnificent dancers have been impressed by their reception. Some critics have dwelt upon the conservatism of their *décor* and choreography—a criticism which is no doubt justified—but there could be no two opinions about the excellence of their technique and the effectiveness of their mime. They have, moreover, a capacity for creating on the stage a state of aesthetically controlled chaos which cannot be equalled by any Western ballet that we have seen.

In one of their ballets, *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*, the theme was curiously topical. Tartar tribesmen descended upon

a Polish castle at which a wedding feast was being held. The castle was set alight and all the revellers were killed except the bride, who was carried off by the Tartar Khan to his harem. But her heart remained in Poland and she consistently rebuffed his advances. Eventually she was murdered by the favourite whom she had superseded and the Khan was left inconsolable. It is unlikely that Mr. Khrushchev's feelings will be quite so sensitive, but he may well avoid seeing this particular ballet in the immediate future.

Liberace

At a rather different æsthetic level London has also been going into raptures over a musical cabaret artist from America, who is known simply as Liberace. When he arrived at Southampton with his mother (known as Mom) and brother George, he was greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds. Fans travelled with him on a special train to London, and at Waterloo there were almost hysterical scenes. The Press, whether neutral or positively hostile, has given much space to this curious phenomenon, and it is indeed

interesting to consider why he has made such an impact.

He is, of course, an accomplished showman and he does not make the mistake of underrating himself (when referring to his own ill-treatment at the hands of critics he mentioned as analogies the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the Crucifixion). But it seems that his appeal is only to the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and it may well be that he gives them that element of exotic escape for which they are always craving. To elderly and middle-aged women his filial piety is attractive, and to younger women of the *palais de dance* variety he is a symbol of youthful glamour. But his appeal is not only to women; and, leaving out of account any question of the unnatural (for the benefit of the Lord Chamberlain), we may perhaps hazard the suggestion that Liberace's flamboyant style of dress makes him the natural hero of "Teddy boys" and of all men who secretly groan under the drabness and conventionalism of English men's dress. He is, in fact, the Teddy boy made good, and Ronald Searle's drawing, which we reproduce on page 237, gives a very good impression of his sparkling presence.

THE CROSLAND VERSION

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

IN July of last year Mr. Anthony Crosland wrote an article for this *Review* which did not pass unnoticed at the time, and which may be regarded as the first ranging shot for what has now become a formidable artillery barrage. Mr. Crosland was convinced, especially in view of the 1955 election result, that the Labour Party needed to adapt both its basic ideas and its practical aims to the conditions of post-war Britain. He has now elaborated his views in a book* which deserves to be read and studied by everyone who is interested in the politics of our country. Indeed, it could be read

with profit and with a measure of enjoyment by many who do not normally care about politics, because although it is occasionally polluted by economic jargon, and although there are too many footnotes, Mr. Crosland's style is easy and his analysis shrewd, original and exciting.

The author is, indeed, one of the ablest young men in public life to-day. Going to Oxford straight from the Army in 1945, he obtained a first class in Modern Greats, and was President of the Union, all in the space of four terms—a most unusual achievement. He then taught economics for a time as a Fellow of Trinity, until he became a Member of Parliament in 1950. Now, temporarily, he is without a seat in

* *The Future of Socialism*. By C. A. R. Crosland. Jonathan Cape. 42s.

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the House. His book is important, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but also because he is generally reputed to be one of Mr. Gaitskell's kindergarten. In other words, there is some reason to suppose that he has given us views about the future of Socialism which, though very definitely his own, may also in a sense be treated as the quintessence of Gaitskellism.

The book is long—it runs to over 500 pages—but even so it is limited in its scope, inasmuch as it only deals with the future of Socialism in this country. Foreign affairs are not mentioned, and the international responsibilities of British Socialists are disposed of in the preface. This reference, however, though perfunctory, is very striking in itself and must be quoted:

It goes without saying (or, rather, it usually goes with saying, but without doing) that Socialism now has more application to Britain's relations with other, poorer countries, than to internal class relations within Britain. Viewed on a world scale the British worker belongs to a privileged upper class; and he should concede, as well as demand, greater equality.

While applauding this sentiment, we may legitimately wonder how warm will be the response to it among British trade unionists, and among those who are competing for their votes. At least Mr. Crosland has had the courage to state the problem, though he has shrunk from examining it in detail. His analysis is also based upon the assumption that we can look forward in this country to a period of rapid and uninterrupted economic growth:

We stand on the threshold of mass abundance; and within a decade the average family will enjoy a standard of living which, whether or not it fully satisfies their aspirations, will certainly convince the reformer that he should turn his main attention elsewhere.

By this he means that in ten years from now it will no longer be necessary to regard "questions of growth and efficiency" as being "of primary importance." This is surely rather a hazardous assumption.

We must, however, accept Mr. Cros-

land's self-imposed limitation, and his basic assumption, and turn to the main arguments of his book. The first of these is, briefly, that the whole character of capitalism has been transformed, that industry is now subject to effective State control, and that the actual ownership of industry has therefore become almost a side-issue. Mr. Crosland made himself very unpopular at a Labour Party Conference some years ago by attacking those who advocated wholesale nationalization on *a priori* grounds. He has now developed this point in detail and his arguments are overwhelming; but while he repudiates the Marxist tradition in the Labour Party, he lays great stress upon its humanitarian and egalitarian traditions, especially the latter:

[The] belief in social equality, which has been the strongest ethical inspiration of virtually every Socialist doctrine, still remains the most characteristic feature of Socialist thought to-day.

Mr. Crosland's defence of this belief, and the practical conclusions which he draws from it, present a challenge which Conservative thinkers and the Conservative Party must meet. The need for new thinking is no less apparent on the Right than on the Left, and Mr. Crosland's fine performance should stir his opponents to emulous endeavour.

Meanwhile, it is fair to observe that Mr. Crosland's conclusions, however congenial to the present leader of the Labour Party, are unlikely to be accepted by a very large number of his Socialist comrades. Mr. John Strachey, for instance, in a review published in the *New Statesman*, has already expressed his strong disapproval of Mr. Crosland's views about State ownership:

If Socialists lose sight of the central importance of the ownership of the means of production, they will cease, in a very real sense, to be Socialists at all; they will subside into the role of well-intentioned, amiable, rootless, drifting, social reformers.

It is hard to see what is wrong about being a well-intentioned and amiable social reformer; the word "drifting" would need to be further clarified; and Mr.

Crosland for his part would presumably have no objection to being considered rootless, if the only alternative was to be rooted in Marxist ideology. But the above quotation makes it clear that there will be no immediate or unanimous acceptance of the Crosland version; and Mr. Strachey is by no means alone in his condemnation.

Where does Mr. Crosland stand on social equality, the issue which, in his opinion at any rate, should have top priority for Socialists? In the first place he would take steps towards democratizing our system of education. He would also, by means of the weapon of taxation, greatly reduce the disparities of private wealth which now exist in Britain. One of the reasons which he gives for desiring greater social equality is that the present state of affairs gives unfair advantages to a few and imposes unfair disadvantages upon many; in other words, it acts as a barrier to equality of opportunity. Insofar as this is true, his aim should not be controversial; it must surely be the ambition of any "well-intentioned, amiable social reformer" to remove artificial restraints upon the freedom and development of the individual. Life will, of course, always be fundamentally unequal, and Mr. Crosland is well aware of this; but he is right to resent unnecessary and purely man-made inequalities, which have no social or moral justification. More questionable, however, is his view that a less stratified society would create a better atmosphere in industry. He suggests tentatively that some of the ill-will and suspicion, which are still very prevalent among British trade unionists, may be due to a sense of social frustration; but he offers no evidence in support of this view, which is not, on the face of it, very plausible.

Granted, however, that his aim is reasonable, what is to be thought of his proposed methods? In the field of education he argues strongly that the public schools should cease to be seminaries for the production of a self-perpetuating upper class, and that every effort should be made to organize State secondary edu-

cation in the form of comprehensive schools. His approach to the public school question should, I think, command very general acceptance. The present Minister of Education has himself intimated that a system of State scholarships for the public schools would be desirable, and it is to be hoped that legislation to this end will be introduced by the present Government. The so-called Fleming scheme, which was excellent in intention, has been largely vitiated in practice by being put at the mercy of local authority finance. Yet, although the numbers involved have for this reason been exiguous, the scheme has proved that the intermingling of boys from very different homes has caused no friction or difficulty whatever. On the contrary, the experiment has been wholly beneficial to all concerned, and it points the way to a far wider extension of the same principle. It is indeed quite wrong that some boys (and girls) should be receiving a type of education for which they are not fitted, simply because their parents are able to pay for it, whereas many others are being denied a form of education for which they are abundantly fitted, because their parents cannot afford it. The public schools should come to occupy the same position in our secondary school system as Oxford and Cambridge now occupy in our university system. Mr. Crosland argues that 75 per cent. of their places should be awarded on the basis of merit, and he wisely adds:

The free places . . . should not go only to the cleverer children, but should be spread amongst a wide cross-section, with a preference, naturally enough, for those who want, or seem apt for, a boarding school education.

In other words, scholarships should be given not merely on the ability to pass an examination, but on this ability combined with other attributes—rather on the lines of the Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford.

Mr. Crosland's views on comprehensive schools are interesting and provocative, and he deals effectively with some of the more superficial arguments which have been used against them. He is too glib,

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however, in dismissing the very potent argument that such schools will tend to be so large that they become amorphous, and that the sense of community, and the benefit of intimate personal contact between those who teach and those who are taught, will be lost. To mention, as he does, the size of public schools as though it were an answer to this point is obviously misleading, because the vital point about such schools is that they are boarding schools and are generally split up into houses, which are in a true sense communities, and where boys can receive individual attention (not always of a kind very welcome to them). Mr. Crosland is also, in my opinion, imperfectly aware of the harm which is now being done to thousands of children—and as a result to the country—through the attempt to make the curriculum of secondary modern schools not too invidiously distinct from that of grammar schools. In the nature of things there are innumerable children whose natural aptitude is for manual work, and who, once they have mastered (as many are now failing to master) the three Rs, would be very much more usefully and happily employed as apprentices to a trade than as the unwilling recipients of a debased form of humane education. Mr. Crosland would like to see the school-leaving age raised to sixteen, which would aggravate this problem still further. Unless he is confident that in the comprehensive schools it would be possible to provide a genuinely suitable instruction for every type of child, ranging from the future plumber to the future nuclear physicist, he would only be doing harm by the reform which he advocates. Every provision should, of course, be made for the late developer, but it is even more important to avoid the immense and futile provision which is now being made for the non-developer.

The other means whereby Mr. Crosland would hope to achieve greater social equality is that of using the fiscal power of the State to bring about a further redistribution of private wealth. He suggests that there should be heavier death duties; that there should be a gifts tax (to prevent

the evasion of death duties through gifts *inter vivos*); a capital gains tax; and perhaps also an annual property tax. He concedes that there would be a point beyond which such action, even if it were right in itself, would have dangerous repercussions upon the national economy; and he fixes arbitrarily the sum of £50,000 as the maximum to be transmitted by anyone to his heirs. By what strange process of reasoning he arrives at this figure it would be hard to say. The vast majority of people will probably continue to regard £50,000 as a large sum of money, and they will fail to appreciate Mr. Crosland's logic in fixing upon this as the permissible limit of private capital to be bequeathed. They will either argue that, if he wants equality, he should go the whole hog and abolish private capital altogether, reducing everyone to a dead level; or they will contend that, provided everyone has the opportunity to make progress in life, the State should allow individuals not only to accumulate, but also to bequeath, the fruits of their own toil.

Of course no sensible person would claim any absoluteness for the rights of property; the welfare of the community necessitates taxation. But Mr. Crosland is going to the opposite extreme and asserting that there is a point beyond which the rights of private property cease to exist. He is claiming that the State has a right not only to tax the income and capital of its citizens, but also to deprive them altogether of the freedom to dispose of their own property in excess of a certain amount. This is not taxation, it is confiscation; and Mr. Crosland, who is so concerned with fairness, should ask himself very seriously whether or not it is fair that the State should confiscate property which it has not earned and which it cannot be sure of putting to better use than those who would otherwise inherit it. One can fully agree with him about a gifts tax, and one need not dispute the moral case for a capital gains tax or an annual property tax (though both these may be open to criticism on practical grounds); but by his death duty proposals Mr. Crosland is in fact suggesting, in the name

of "social justice", a deep and fundamental injustice. And incidentally he is much exaggerating the importance of private wealth as a "determinant of class."

That he is mistaken in this part of his argument becomes all the more apparent when one considers the models upon which he is working. He is almost obsessed by the example of Sweden and the United States—two countries which, with all their merits, one would not wish to see exactly reproduced here. Mr. Crosland is curiously impressed by the lack of class feeling in America, compared with this country; yet it is significant that he has to refer, for his sociological evidence on the nature of class-consciousness, to the work of Americans describing and analysing their own society. Most people would certainly not agree with him that the Americans have emancipated themselves from snobbery. It is true that in the matter of accents and education they are more nearly stereotyped than we are, but they always seem to set great store by social differentiation, often of a rather petty kind. Mr. Crosland is sadly mistaken if he thinks that his policy would lead to the creation of a classless society in Britain. It would, in fact, turn our society into an immense *bourgeoisie*, in which (unless human nature were suddenly regenerated) there would be infinite nuances of social gradation. It is a crude illusion to suppose that human beings can be assimilated by economic means. They may be forced to have a uniform way of life (Mr. Crosland would call it a "pattern of consumption"), but they will continue to strive for the fulfilment of individual dreams. The more restricted their opportunity, the more commonplace these dreams will be; the wider the opportunity, the more romantic and stimulating their dreams. In the last resort it is the individuals in a community who count. The State (in the narrow governmental sense) can play its part, but it can never provide a substitute for the energy, imagination and daring of individual human beings; and these qualities will wither in a society whose continuity is institutional rather than personal. The

family must come first and its freedom must be respected, not for one generation only, but through the course of time.

In other ways Mr. Crosland is refreshingly free from the Puritanical blight which has been so marked a feature of the Labour Party. He is anxious to improve the whole quality of life in Britain, and he recognizes that the spirit of the Webbs, though applicable to their own time, is out of place and positively harmful now:

The enemy . . . will often be in unexpected guise; it is not only dark, Satanic things and people that now bar the road to the new Jerusalem, but also, if not mainly, hygienic, respectable, virtuous things and people, lacking only in grace and gaiety.

These are good words. But in his determination to turn Great Britain into another Sweden he is showing the very spirit of which he complains, and threatening many of the values which he most cherishes. At times he seems almost to have succumbed to the Docker-Mitford complex; that is to say, he seems to think that all plutocrats behave like Sir Bernard and Lady Docker, and that all traditional aristocrats behave like the characters in Miss Nancy Mitford's novels. Even if this were true, it would not necessarily provide a conclusive argument in favour of his assault on private wealth; but since, in fact, both the newer and the older possessors of wealth in this country are on the whole quite restrained in their habits, his views can have little justification even on Puritanical grounds.

In one revealing footnote he seems to sneer at Elizabethan England. Yet can he honestly say that he would prefer to live in Sweden to-day than to be an Englishman in that great age? He aims at social contentment, yet he admits that there is a difference between social contentment and individual happiness. Would he not be wiser still to admit that the social contentment which would result from his policy would be an odious form of social complacency, and that the only form of social contentment worth having is the greatest possible sum of individual happiness and individual freedom?

ALTRINCHAM.

MELBOURNE, 1956

Thoughts on the Olympic Games

By HAMILTON KERR, M.P.

TO the peoples of ancient Greece, at the height of their civilization, the Olympic Games carried a meaning of deep significance. As the time for the Games approached and runners carried the sacred fire from the Temple of Zeus at Olympia to every part of the land, heralds proclaimed the "truce of God" and inaugurated the "sacred armistice." During the period of the Games every sword was sheathed and no tribe could wage war upon its neighbours. The Games, in fact, became the symbol of the unity of the Doric race. This unity expressed itself, in spite of wars and factions and intrigues, in the pursuit of a common ideal; the ideal of the balance between physical, intellectual and moral beauty which distinguished Greek civilization and made it superior to all others. The genius of Greece continually strove after perfection and, since all created things found their source and unity in the Kingdom of the Gods, the physical perfection of the athlete reflected its Divine origin as much as the sublime speculations of the philosopher. The Games were thus religious in inspiration. An athlete could be disqualified not only on account of his alien or mixed blood, but on account of his bad character. The appeal of the Games was so great that it survived the collapse of the Greek power and lasted no less than twelve centuries, until the decree of the Christian Emperor, Theodosius, in the tenth year of his reign, put an end to these famous athletic contests.

However, towards the close of the 19th century—in 1894 to be exact—a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, revived the idea, and sent a Memorandum to all governing bodies of sport in which he used words we should certainly remember to-day. "Before all things it is necessary that we should preserve in sport those

characteristics of nobility and chivalry which have distinguished it in the past, so that it may continue to play the same part in the education of the peoples of to-day as it played so admirably in the days of ancient Greece. Imperfect humanity has ever tended to transform the Olympic athlete into the paid gladiator, but the two things are incompatible. We must choose between one formula and the other." Since these words were written their truth has become ever more apparent. Whilst athletes themselves, almost without exception, wish to maintain the Olympic ideal, the Press and spectators of the world have tended to an increasing degree to regard them as gladiators, whose duty is to defend the honour and prestige of nations and ideologies.

Before I say a few words about great Olympic champions of the past and discuss our prospects at Melbourne this November, I would like to try and define the instinct which draws men and women to perform in athletic contests, and to discuss the characteristics which mark the great athlete. I believe the chief instinct is one of sheer unrestricted joy in running, an exhilaration of body and spirit. It is true that this joy brings with it sharp tensions before a big race, but it is a joy which comes like the passage of sunlight in the life of an athlete, and he would feel his life the poorer never to have experienced it. How well Roger Bannister describes this joy in his book *First Four Minutes*. Stale and tired after a running season in 1951, he went to Scotland by himself to the coast of Kintyre in August to walk, climb and sleep in the open and recover his freshness. At sunset one day he started to run. "I felt that I was running back to all the primitive joy my season had destroyed . . . the gulls were crying overhead and a herd of wild goats were



Photo: Central Press.

H. M. ABRAHAMS.

silhouetted against the headland. I started to run again with the sun in my eyes nearly blinding me. I could barely distinguish slippery rocks from heather, turf or bog, yet my feet did not slip or grow weary now. They had new life and confidence. I ran in a frenzy of speed, drawn on by an unseen force."

Of the characteristics that mark a great athlete one can mention speed and the capacity to evoke a hair-trigger tension in the sprints and quarter-mile, and combined speed and stamina for most other races. To these qualities you must add good judgment, the judgment which tells you how, like a General in battle, to harbour your strength and to choose the right moment to make your supreme effort. To these again you must add the mental and physical discipline which an athlete imposes upon himself during the weeks and months of preparation, and the will to sustain continuous hard workouts; but in addition to all these you must add one supreme quality, the gift of the Gods, rarer than rubies, which is only given to a few in each generation. Let Roger

Bannister speak again: "The secret is to lose for the moment all sense of proportion and to believe that the result of the race is as important as life itself. This process in the great athlete unleashes a will to win that remains locked away inside his rivals." Here certainly lies a hidden reserve of strength which genius in all its manifestations, whether in the athlete, the orator, or the painter, draws to its aid in moments of emergency; the steel-like determination to attain its objective and to master its medium, whatever the cost, even perhaps of life itself.

Regarding the national results at Melbourne, no possible doubt exists. The United States will be first and Soviet Russia second. The vast population of these countries and the part sport plays in their national lives, gives both an immense advantage. The Americans usually excel in sprints and such field events as the high and long jump and pole-vault; the Russians in the longer races. In addition the Russian women have become formidable competitors. Amongst other nations scoring good marks will be the Scandinavian countries. Though their populations are small, they possess a large number of running tracks and playing fields. Compared with the Scandinavian countries our resources are pitiful. I remember Christopher Brasher saying, in a lecture at Cambridge this summer, that about 80 per cent. of our Olympic track team would probably come from past or present members of the bigger Universities or from the London Metropolitan area. The answer is that these areas possess the greatest number of tracks where athletes can train, likewise a number of first-class coaches. Thus we are only developing a fraction of our athletic talent. The boy or girl who lives in the Eastern Counties, the Midlands, the North-East or the West, possesses fewer opportunities to develop their athletic prowess. Every Local Authority should be encouraged to build running tracks and playing fields, and offer good salaries to first-class coaches as the Scandinavians do.

Let me now turn to the performances of individual athletes. Since the first Olympic

Games in 1896, the United States has won nine victories in the 100 metres, often obtaining second place as well. The one British victory was achieved by Harold Abrahams at the Paris Olympic Games in 1924. What a wonderful runner he was, combining a perfect balance of power and grace. I had seen his magnificent triple win at the Inter-'Varsity sports at Queen's in 1923. He had snatched victory in the 100 yards and the long jump, and had entered for the quarter-mile against W. E. Stevenson, a former United States quarter-mile champion. "Will his stamina survive a quarter-mile," we asked ourselves, "or will he fade out at the 220 mark?" But at the top of the finishing straight no doubt existed. Like some missile fired by an invisible catapult of enormous power, he swept, amidst some of the wildest cheering I have ever heard, from fourth place into the lead. After this all of us knew he was an athlete of genius. And then came the final of the 100 metres in Paris in 1924. During the semi-final heat Harold Abrahams had not run well. He had made a slow getaway. As the six competitors got down to their marks in the final, an unbearable tension filled the crowded stadium. It was late in the afternoon, and the long shadow of the stands stretched across the ground. No sound could be heard. I remember that I felt so sick with tension that I thought some time bomb was about to explode inside me. Then the starter's pistol cracked. Six figures raced towards the tape, and, as they approached, it could be seen that Harold was in the lead. Years later I asked him, "What did you feel that awful moment, at the crisis of your running career when everything was at stake?" He replied: "I felt calm and confident. I knew I could win if I made a good start."

Our three representatives in the 100 metres at Melbourne will indeed triumph over formidable opposition if any one of them repeats Harold Abraham's victory at the Paris Olympiad. In the Amateur Athletic Championship, John Young, an 18-year-old schoolboy from Sutton Coldfield, made a great impression in defeating the Scottish Champion, Alan Dunbar, in



Photo: Central Press.

DOUGLAS LOWE.

9.9 seconds; but we must not forget that Michael Agostini, of Trinidad, has already achieved 9.3 seconds in the 100 yards, whilst in the 100 metres, the actual distance to be run at Melbourne, Ira Murchison, a coloured United States sprinter, holds the world record with 10.1 seconds. Two other Americans, Bobby Morrow, and Thane Baker, have each returned 10.2 seconds, and two Russians, Leonid Bartenyev and Boris Tokaryev, have achieved 10.3 seconds. So it looks as if the United States will retain its supremacy in the sprints, including the 200 metres, where Bobby Morrow and Andy Stanfield and Thane Baker have each returned 20.6 seconds.

The 400 metres has twice been won by Great Britain at the Olympic Games, namely, in 1912 and in 1924, but here again our two representatives, Michael Wheeler and Peter Higgins, who returned 47.7 and 48.5, respectively, will be faced with overwhelming opposition from four crack American runners headed by Lou Jones, the world record holder, in the time of 45.2 seconds in the 400 metres. Once



Photo: Picture Post Library.

GORDON PIRIE.

again the United States is likely to retain its predominance.

When we come to the 800 metres we reach the category of middle distance races where Great Britain in the past has shown some of her finest talent. No less than five victories have been obtained—in 1900, in 1920, in 1924, in 1928 and in 1932. Coupled with M. G. Whitfield of the United States, Douglas Lowe of Great Britain, is the only man in the history of the Olympic Games to have won the 800 metres on two successive occasions. He was one of the most graceful runners I have ever seen—a veritable Nijinsky of the track. At the top end of the back straight, about 220 yards or more from home, he usually made his great effort. He seemed almost to leap forward like a stag clearing a high paling, and the power and grace of his great stride opened up an ever-widening gap between him and his competitors, who appeared in comparison like flies struggling on flypaper. At the height of his running powers nothing

seemed too much for him—mile, half-mile, quarter-mile. In the summer of 1925 in the Harvard Stadium I saw him win the 880 yards in 1 minute 53 seconds, and less than an hour later win, with a staggering burst of speed, the mile in 4 minutes 21 seconds. Amazed, the Americans dubbed him “a running fool,” apparently the highest compliment in their vernacular. I saw Douglas Lowe defeat P. Martin of Switzerland in the last Olympic Games of 1924, and a few days later make his great effort in the 1,500 metres final. This was one of the most dramatic races I have ever seen, marked by the supreme courage of Henry Stallard, who finished third in spite of an injured instep. Every step must have given him as much pain as if he had been running on burning coals. The winner of the race was the great Paavo Nurmi, of Finland, whose genius dominated the Olympiad. In his light blue vest and running with a stop watch in his hand, which he usually threw away as the bell sounded for the last lap, his strange, ugly, springing stride, which reminded me of a jack-in-the-box, carried him to victory in the 1,500 and 5,000 metres. Douglas Lowe made his great effort in the back straight and gained ground on the leader so rapidly that I still consider that, had he made his effort earlier, he might have reached the tape first. As it was he finished fourth.

In the 800 metres at Melbourne, Derek Johnson of Great Britain, who has covered the distance in 1 minute 47 seconds, will face a formidable array of talent in Tom Courtney, U.S.A. (1 minute 46.4 seconds); Audun Boysen, Norway (1 minute 46.4 seconds); Arnie Sowell, U.S.A. (1 minute 46.7 seconds), and Roger Moens, Belgium (1 minute 47.2 seconds), world record holder in 1945 in 1 minute 45.7 seconds. With so little between the competitors, victory will depend on many hazards.

The mile has come to be regarded as the classic of the running track. For many years athletes had dreamed of running a mile in under four minutes just as airmen had dreamed of breaking the sound barrier. Roger Bannister was the first to achieve this result on the Iffley Road running track at Oxford on May 6, 1954.

MELBOURNE, 1956

(Incidentally, the fall of Dien-Bien-Phu was announced next day and I remember that Roger Bannister's triumph seemed the one shaft of sunlight in a sombre world.) I first saw Roger Bannister as an Oxford freshman on an icy wet day, March 27, 1947, the day of the Inter-Varsity Sports at the White City. Although Bannister was only running third string, he produced a burst of speed in the back straight which carried him easily into the lead. We all felt that an athlete of talent had made his first appearance, although few could have guessed the dazzling achievements which lay before him.

Although Bannister has now retired from athletics, the 1,500 metres at Melbourne will produce one of the most dramatic races the world has ever seen. At least six of the possible finalists have run the mile in under four minutes. The 1,500 metres is 120 yards short of a mile, and over this distance Istvan Rozsavölgyi of Hungary is the holder of the world's record to date with a time of 3 minutes 40.6 seconds. John Landy of Australia will make a strong bid for victory, whilst our two chief representatives, Brian Hewson and Ken Wood, will hope for a good placing. How I envy those who will see this race at Melbourne or on their television sets. Alas, I myself will be in the Far East and dependent on newspaper reports.

The 5,000 metres gives us one of our best chances of victory. Gordon Pirie holds the present world record of 13 minutes 16.8 seconds. Christopher Chataway, who believes in starting his training late, is now coming into form, as his wins in Budapest showed. Derek Ibbotson likewise is certain to do well. Against these will be pitted Sandor Ibaros of Hungary and possibly Vladimir Kuts of Russia. Gordon Pirie will be meeting these two great runners again in the 10,000 metres where Kuts now holds the world record. Both the 5,000 metres and the 10,000 metres have been won in the past by athletes of a fabulous capacity. The 1924 Olympiad saw Nurmi win the 5,000 metres, and in 1928 the 10,000 metres, whilst 1952 found Zatopek of Czecho-



Photo: A.P.

VLADIMIR KUTS.

Slovakia winning both the 5,000 and 10,000 metres. Incidentally, Zatopek's training methods have always fascinated other athletes. He told his friends that he often went for training runs with his wife, Dana, on his back—by no means an ethereal figure such as you might see in the ballet *Swan Lake*, but a well-muscled Olympic javelin champion.

The 3,000 metres steeplechase gives us another good chance of victory. Both John Disley and Christopher Brasher have returned the excellent times of 8 minutes 46.6 seconds and 8 minutes 47.2 seconds respectively, whilst Eric Shirley is likewise estimated to be amongst the best runners in the world over this distance. Sandor Rozsnyoi of Hungary has 8 minutes 35.6 seconds to his credit, and Semyon Rzhishchin of the U.S.S.R. 8 minutes 40.8 seconds.

When we come to the two hurdle races, the 110 metres hurdles and the 400 metres hurdles, we are in the realm of American supremacy. In the 110 metres hurdles,

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the United States has recorded no less than ten victories, and in the 400 metres hurdles, eight. Our solitary win in the 400 metres hurdles was achieved by Lord Burghley in 1928. David Burghley (now Lord Exeter) was one of those athletes who benefited from a late development. At Eton he showed no promise beyond an occasional performance in House sports. In his second year at Cambridge he began to find his form, and from that moment onwards he achieved a long series of victories culminating in the Olympic triumph of 1928 at Amsterdam. Four years later in Los Angeles he came in fourth in the final, actually running a faster time than he had as Olympic champion. One of his secrets was that he not only enjoyed running, but life itself. He adored riding to hounds and seeing his friends and going to parties. Of present-day athletes perhaps Christopher Chataway most nearly approaches him in temperament. These characteristics made David Burghley a popular figure on the running track. During the Oxford and Cambridge-Harvard and Yale track meet in 1925, he hit one of the hurdles in the 120 yards hurdles and an American reporter turned to me in consternation and said: "Did you see how the Lord stumbled?" The phrase had an almost Biblical flavour.

The Olympic Games will be contested between Friday, November 23, and Saturday, December 1. Gordon Pirie's first great test will come at 6 p.m. on Friday, November 23, when the 10,000 metres will be run as the last event of the day. In this race, as I have already said, he will meet those two great athletes, Kuts of Russia and Ibaros of Hungary. A tremendous struggle will certainly ensue. Three days after in the afternoon of Monday, November 26, the heats of the 5,000 metres will be run. Here Pirie will undoubtedly spare himself as much as possible for the final to be run at 4.50 p.m.

on Wednesday, November 28. Thursday, November 29, will see the heats of the 1,500 metres, and Saturday, December 1, the final, at 4.15 p.m. The organizers of the Games have kept this tremendous event for the last day.

I am afraid that space forbids me to mention, except in a few sentences, the numerous field events—the high and the long jump, the pole vault, the discus, the javelin, the weight, the hop, skip and jump. In these events the Americans and the Russians will certainly score a number of victories. Nor, alas, can I devote space to the numerous women's events and the relay races. Great Britain will certainly be represented by some fine women athletes who will find formidable opponents in the Russians.

Once again the Olympic Games will exercise their age-old fascination. On December 13, 1954, the Parliamentary Sports Committee gave a dinner in the Harcourt Room to the United Kingdom team to the Empire Games at Vancouver. For the athletes Roger Bannister and Christopher Chataway made excellent speeches. As Christopher Chataway sat down, Sir Beverley Baxter turned to me and said "Why, he makes a speech like an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. There must be something in this running. I must take it up." There is certainly "something" in running. When record after record is broken, one wonders whether the human body will ever admit a limit to its efforts. As Roger Bannister has written, there is the sheer physical joy of running and, added to the physical joy of running, the genius of a great athlete who unleashes a secret reserve of strength by believing, for a few brief moments, that "the result of the race is as important as life itself." We shall certainly see many great performances during one fateful week at Melbourne.

HAMILTON KERR.

THE LAST LAP

By DENYS SMITH

SHORTLY after this article appears in *Sprint* the American Presidential Election will have been decided, which is a good reason against making any prediction of its result. All that need be said is that after getting off to a good and early start the Stevenson campaign began to sag and lose momentum. It could conceivably make an eleventh hour recovery, but the odds seem to be against it.

Although the two candidates were the same as four years ago, the campaign was far from a replica of its predecessor. The Republicans were no longer attacking the past twenty-year record of the Democrats, but defending their own record. Eisenhower was no longer an unknown quantity politically. He was not appealing for support on what he had accomplished outside politics, but on what he had accomplished as President. He was no longer a political amateur, but had become a seasoned politician during his occupancy of the White House, more apt to give advice than take it. He set the tone of his own campaign. Despite pressure to go on long campaign trips, he stuck to his early decision that "whistle-stopping" would be undignified. He steered Republican speakers away from "running against Truman" as Democratic speakers for so long had "run against Hoover." He wanted his own record praised more than the Democratic record attacked; and so it was.

In the intervening four years Stevenson had held no public office, so there was less reason for him to have changed. Yet everybody has been talking about the "new Stevenson." The change was not personal but planned. The Democratic strategists decided that they wanted a fighting candidate, so Stevenson was thrust into a mould which did not always seem to suit him. His speeches four years ago were collected in book form and still make interesting reading. His current series would hardly do so. He has been

more aggressive in his statements, but at times there has appeared to be no deep conviction, or at any rate no righteous anger, behind them. He did not always project his personality across to his audience. One could not help wondering if he would not have done better had he been left in the old mould. He could, had he wished, have set the tone and character of his own campaign as effectively as Eisenhower, for he had won his nomination by his own efforts with no debts to be paid to any party faction. He had been relieved this time of the embarrassment of having to defend Truman's record of which he did not entirely approve. He could concentrate on criticizing the mistakes of the Republicans and outlining his own plans for the future. Yet, despite these advantages, there are many who think he was a more effective campaigner four years ago.

There have been changes in the two parties as well as in the men who lead them. Eisenhower has publicly stated many times that he has been engaged in modernizing the Republican Party. He has only been partly successful, which was one reason why he decided to seek a second term. The voice of the Republican right wing has certainly been muted. Every Republican candidate knows that Eisenhower is his chief asset. But there are still Republicans who support him through deference more than conviction. The spirit of the new Republicanism does not pervade the party machinery down to every last ward.

There has been no effort made to refashion the Democratic Party during the past four years. Stevenson, as a defeated candidate, was in no position to make any such attempt. But it is nonetheless a different party. It has greater unity. There has been an infusion of new blood. Its local organizations are stronger and have been winning local victories. The change in both parties has consisted in

sloughing off their extremes, in moving closer to the centre. Each party is striving to prove itself the better reflection of the prevailing mood of moderation. Four years ago a large section of the voters, independents and semi-detached Democrats, voted for Eisenhower. They no longer felt at home in a Democratic Party based on the "New Deal" and "Fair Deal" of Roosevelt and Truman. They felt equally out of tune with the old-guard Republicans. But to vote for Eisenhower was a different matter. The Republican campaign this year has been pitched at a level likely to appeal to these moderates and hold their vote. The Democratic campaign is designed to induce them to return home to their old party; to persuade them that in politics, unlike war, the old guard surrenders, but never dies.

The main issues of the campaign might be considered under the three heads of the Republican slogan, "Peace—Prosperity—Progress." Republicans soon found that peace, and the identification of Eisenhower with peace, was their strongest asset. It might be an uneasy peace, but no Americans were being shot at. The last three wars had been fought when Democrats were in the White House which, in the illogical world of politics, meant that the Democrats were a war party. The Democrats have tried to counteract the big emotional appeal of peace by a minor emotional appeal. They have created an impression that under a Democratic Administration there was more chance of ending the draft; but it has not been very successful. There has been little Democratic discussion of foreign policy, the raw material of peace, except in most general terms—such as the assertion that American prestige has been allowed to decline "from Iceland to Japan." The Suez crisis has scarcely been mentioned. This might be considered commendable reticence, but it might equally be political calculation. The Republican Administration could theoretically have been criticized for not backing up Britain and France with sufficient firmness. It is true that nobody in America would have approved if the

use of force had been encouraged, but could not the Administration have been blamed for truckling to Nasser? Evidently Stevenson thought not. The Democratic line has at times appeared to be that Dulles had not "truckled" enough. Or as Stevenson put it in a statement on Suez, Dulles had shown "an alarming lack of understanding" of the "surging forces" writing history in Africa and Asia. When Dulles spoke of the fundamental differences in the American approach to "colonialism," as compared with the British and French approach, he was not only expressing a Republican viewpoint. Nearly every American tends to regard any indigenous leader as another George Washington deserving American support.

Republican talk of prosperity has proved almost as appealing as the talk of peace. Most of the statistics were on the Republican side. There was high employment, low unemployment, high income and a relatively stable dollar. The Democrats could cite with truth the fact that the cost of living had never been so high, but since it had risen very much less under the Republicans than under the Democrats there was some justification for the Republicans comparing this accusation to the circus fat lady worrying about Marilyn Monroe putting on weight. There had been a 96½ per cent. increase in the cost of goods since 1939. Of this total 92 per cent. came during the thirteen years of Democratic government, compared with 4½ per cent. which came under the Eisenhower Administration. The Democrats tried to revive the theory that the Republicans are the party of the rich and the Democrats of the poor. They cited the impressive record of past Democratic welfare legislation. But the current pay envelopes talk louder. Everybody, however, has not shared alike in the increased national wealth. The Democrats have been on better ground when they addressed their arguments to the valleys of depression in the high plateau of general prosperity—the farm areas and the areas of spot unemployment. But the sum total of the discontented was far below that of the contented.

THE LAST LAP

Progress, the final conception of the Republican trilogy, was perhaps the least important of the three. The Democrats argued that they were the party of the future who believed in the "new America." The Republican Party was still the party of the past and its President, despite his fine words, was really the captive of the Republican old guard. The Republicans said much the same thing, substituting the Southern Democrats for the old-guard Republicans.

One issue, which seemed likely to dominate the campaign in its early stages—the issue of Eisenhower's health—has assumed less importance as it has proceeded. The President's active behaviour and energetic appearance have answered earlier doubts. Stevenson himself, by introducing so many of his speeches with the humorous comment that he had acquired his tan campaigning and not on the golf links, has not exactly stressed the

President's physical incapacity. The related issue of Vice-President Nixon as the unwelcome heir-apparent has also declined in importance. Nixon has studiously avoided any statement which would make him a controversial figure or give substance to the Democratic picture of him as the Republicans' "Vice-hatchet man." Democratic suggestions that Eisenhower would be a part-time President through ill-health soon changed to suggestions that he was one by temperament. The Republicans countered Democratic complaints of lack of leadership and abdication of power with praise of teamwork and delegation of authority. The political scientists may have had a fine time discussing the two contrasted philosophies of the Presidential function, but it has aroused little popular interest. The practical man is probably less concerned with the techniques of leadership than with its results.

DENYS SMITH.

BERLIN JEWRY TO-DAY

By OTTO ZAREK

FROM the Kempinski corner of the *Kurfürstendamm*, West Berlin's elegant thoroughfare, and only from this one point, one can get a sight of the ruins of two once famous buildings, both of them dedicated to the worship of God, and both of them unused and unusable because of their state of utter destruction. Looking down the *Kurfürstendamm*, one cannot help being deeply shocked at the sight of two huge vaulted blocks of stone that rise at the end of the neon-lit avenue. They rise almost to the sky, piercing the dark blue of the firmament with the sharp prongs of the broken cupolas. To add to the distasteful bizzarrie of the ruins, the insides of the vaults lie open, showing bits and pieces of multi-coloured mosaics on a golden ground, in a pseudo-Byzantine style. This is all that is left of the *Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche* which, ugly and pompous as it was, with its second-hand Gothic exterior, had yet been an outstanding landmark in the once great

city: for the *Gedächtniskirche* was the centre of the west end, and besides, for adherents to the Lutheran creed, a much venerated place of worship. Through bombing, it fell victim to a war that had been wantonly brought about by the Nazi rulers and had ended in destruction, defeat and sorrow. Therefore, it has been decided to let the remnants of the church stand as they are, as a *monumentum aere perennium*, "reminding generations to come of the truth"—as a high ranking ecclesiastic recently put it—"that aggression does not pay and might is powerless before the Lord."

Now, looking from the corner of the Kempinski Hotel to the left, down *Fasanenstrasse*, one can see the other ruins, those of the once famous Synagogue, the greatest and most splendid one which Berlin's Jewry had built. All that remains of it are the two immensely strong centre pillars and the two domed rotundas crowning them. This place of worship has also been des-

troyed, but—and this is the decisive difference—not in the course of the war, but in obedience to a direct order from the Nazi rulers to burn down all Jewish temples. This happened on November 9, 1938, in the so-called *Kristallnacht*; and indeed, all synagogues went up in flames.

Standing at this very corner and beholding the two ruins, one cannot help admiring the far-sightedness of Heinrich Heine, who prophesied, a century before the actual happening: "The day will come when Thor (the Germanic god of warriors) will swing his hammer and knock to pieces all the holy places of worship dedicated to the One God, in order to re-establish the might of the Teutonic gods."

In the light of these events and of the successive waves of terror which the Jews of Berlin had to endure, it would have been a legitimate demand on their part to let the ruins of the Synagogue on *Fasanenstrasse* (the site of which is owned by the Jewish community) remain untouched, like the *Gedächtniskirche*, and kept eternally as a symbol of Nazi barbarism. But exactly the opposite has recently been decided. The Jewish community of West Berlin has agreed to tear down the remnants of the Synagogue and to have a Jewish Cultural Centre erected in its stead.

This, in itself, is significant. It might well be interpreted as a symptom of regained confidence, on the part of Berlin's Jewry, in the sincerity of the city's desire to continue and even to intensify its friendly relations with the Jewish minority. It also shows the growing trend for reconciliation which seems now to be the predominant attitude of the Jews towards the non-Jewish Germans. This gesture of goodwill has been welcomed by the Berliners and the Government of the *Land* of Berlin, the Senate and its Parliament. Just now a Bill has been voted for, and adopted unanimously, granting the funds necessary to build the Jewish Cultural Centre on the site of the burnt-down Synagogue. The amount involved will be quite considerable; it is estimated to run up to a million marks (about £90,000). But it was generally felt by the Berliners that their

"new Berlin" had to make such a conspicuous gesture of reconciliation towards the Jewish population.

This is by no means the only sign of goodwill. In the field of restitution and indemnification of the Jews, and especially in that of aiding those victims of Nazi oppression and persecution who have suffered internment in concentration camps or Gestapo prisons, Berlin's Senate has also taken the lead, and has made much more generous provisions than has been made by any other German *Land*. For instance; on the initiative of the *Innen Senator* (the *Land's* "Home Secretary"), Joachim Lipschitz, all those Jews who had been forced to wear the Star of David, humiliatingly marking them so as to be immediately recognized as Jews, were granted the same indemnification moneys as those who had actually been interned. It was also on the initiative of Berlin that just before the *Bundestag* went into summer recess, a law was passed granting all Jewish persons who emigrated from Germany and who had since returned to their former homeland, a special aid amounting to DM. 6,000 (about £500). Irrespective of their further restitution claims, this *Soforthilfe* (immediate assistance money) will be paid out without delay. The restitution problem itself has not been solved quite satisfactorily yet; there is still long delay, the waiting list of claimants under the age of sixty-five (those above that age receiving preferential treatment) is still enormously long; but to be fair in assessing the difficulties the *Entschädigungsamt* (restitution office) is encountering, one should not forget that many tens of thousands of such claims have been submitted, and that the process of checking facts and dates is not one that could be dealt with speedily. What, however, infuriates Jewish claimants is not so much the slowness of the *Amt*, as the speed with which ex-Nazi officers and officials have been dealt with, endowing them, or their next-of-kin, with enormous sums of ready cash and high pensions. But the *Bund* and not the *Land* of Berlin was responsible for these laws and rulings, and it cannot be over-

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looked that, so far as the Berlin Government is concerned, great care has been taken to make the best of a given situation in order to help, at least materially, the remaining Jews of Berlin to get over their dreadful past. In recognition of that, the Berlin Jewish Community recently awarded the Heinrich Stahl Prize—which is annually given to a personality of great merit by the Jewish community, and which has been founded by the community in remembrance of the Rising of the Warsaw Ghetto—to Senator Lipschitz for his “unrelenting and energetic endeavours to improve the lot of Jewry in this city.” In accepting the award, Herr Lipschitz declared that on the Jewish issue there has never been any difference of opinion among the members of the three great parties—Social-Democrats, Christian-Democrats and Free Democrats—which form the Berlin Diet.

If thus the general picture of present-day relations between Jews and non-Jews in Berlin seems to be surrounded with a halo of goodwill, it would be unrealistic to ignore entirely the shadows slowly creeping on. So far, there has been no serious sign that “re-nazification” is making headway in West Berlin; the dangers that may, or may not, become acute lie in the West of the Federal Republic rather than in Berlin itself. Some students of German politics who are inclined to overrate that danger also tend to dissipate Jewish fears of a possible resurgence of anti-Semitism, arguing that “the anti-Semitic slogan would not again ‘work,’ as there are so few Jews left in Germany as to make their presence almost unfelt.” Whether this argument is very flattering to the Jews or not, it does carry some element of reasonableness (as far as irrational and purely emotional *Weltanschauungen*, such as racialism and anti-Semitism, can be influenced by reasonable thinking).

It is indeed true that what any Jewish refugee who returned to his native town will feel first and strongest is this absence of Jews in the streets, the theatres, the cafés, the libraries, the lecture halls, the university, the Parliament and—last but not least—the newspapers’ editorial

offices. To meet, quite occasionally, a Jewish person, or even only one with a Jewish-sounding name, is almost an event; one would smile in recognition, and be thanked with a polite little speech which, by way of explanation, would give voluntary information of how it came about that this particular person survived the era of terror and was singled out to occupy this or that office.

On the whole, the 4,500 Jews now living in Berlin are elderly or old people living on their pensions. They include the inmates of the Old Age Home which the Jewish community has rebuilt and lavishly refurnished to offer a home to the oldest and poorest of their survivors. There are Jews in business again; there are also some lawyers and doctors, two or three university professors and, altogether, twenty-five Jewish undergraduates studying in Berlin’s Free University and the Technical University. (Whether they will leave Germany on graduating or remain there is an open question.)

There are also about a hundred Jewish children of school or kindergarten age. They receive religious instruction and general Jewish education in addition to regular schooling in non-Jewish schools or under the care of an educationalist who came from Israel. For the younger ones, the community established a Jewish kindergarten in the community building.

The Community, under the direction of its Chairman, Heinz Galinski, is striving energetically to rebuild what has been destroyed, so far as the need exists and the means permit. Nobody ever dreams of rebuilding the many synagogues which once served a community of 180,000; but for the 4,500 members of the community—most of whom are practising Jews—four new synagogues have been built, including the great and nobly impressive Temple in *Pestalozzistrasse*. A new Jewish cemetery has been established, as the old one in *Weissensee* lies in the Eastern Sector. Also in the cultural sphere endeavours were made to regain at least a fraction of the high position which Berlin’s Jewry had once held in pre-Hitler Germany. It is in this sphere that the Jews of Berlin, small

and almost insignificant as their number is, will make great efforts to bring home to a new generation of young Berliners—who hardly know anything about Jews and Judaism—the knowledge of the great historic contribution which Berlin Jews

have made to the spiritual, artistic and scientific development of the city, from the day, two centuries ago, when Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, broke out of the Berlin Ghetto and won immortality—as a Berlin Jew. OTTO ZAREK.

CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor, The National and English Review

PARTY CONFERENCE

From Mr. Michael G. Scott.

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest your remarks in last month's "Episodes" concerning the Tory Party Conference, and would like to be associated with your comments about the impossibility of adequate debate in the period allotted under present Conference arrangements. The essence of good debate is obtained when people are moved to speak and bring forth points arising out of other speeches that have preceded them; and that is impossible with the time limitations at present existing. It is also often said that the National Executive choose resolutions for discussion which are the least constructive and contentious, and additional time for debate would allow for the more frequent moving of useful amendments, which would add greatly to the interest of the debates, and remove much of their present sterile character.

The lengthening of the Conference to a full week is a step that the Party Executive will eventually have to face, but many of us would oppose any step to cut down the constituency representation. One of the fallacies of the Conservative Party Organization is the way certain officers and voluntary workers are overburdened with duties, and if the Conference were composed entirely of persons who attended it because of their position in the constituency organization, then much of the genuine enthusiasm and sparkle of the Conference would be missing.

By far the liveliest representatives at the Party Conference come from the 150,000-strong Young Conservative movement,

who send nearly 1,000 representatives to the Conference, and it would be an irredeemable loss if this representation were to be cut (for the sake of argument) by 50 per cent.

A suggestion being canvassed at Llandudno among Young Conservatives from several areas was that of a six-day Conference divided as follows:

One day devoted to resolutions put forward by Young Conservatives.

One day devoted to resolutions put forward by Conservative trade unionists.

One day (as now) devoted to Local Government matters.

Three days as before, but with the removal from the agenda of industrial matters.

Attractive as this may appear at first sight, I feel that it would be a bad solution to the problem, since it would tend to divide into sections a party whose strength comes from the "One Nation" spirit which at present permeates it. Many of us hope that this scheme will never get beyond the stage of back-room discussions.

In spite of all the attempted stage-management of the party leaders, the voice of the Conference (and especially that of its younger members) speaks out loud and unmistakably clear on many occasions. Let the Conference time be extended, and an even stronger voice will emerge to guide and lead the opinion of the country in future.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL G. SCOTT.

Vice-Chairman, Surrey Group

Young Conservatives.

October 18th, 1956

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

COUNTRY CONTENTMENTS*

By ERIC GILLET

JUST once or twice in every publishing year there comes out some small, quiet book which runs the risk of escaping notice in the great flood of general publications. One of them is before me as I write, and I do not think that a more delightfully produced and illustrated volume has reached me this year than Mr. Cecil S. Emden's *Gilbert White in His Village*. Mr. Lynton Lamb's pictures are worthy of the author's friendly, learned text. Maps of Selborne serve as endpapers and the binding and jacket are well up to the very high standard maintained by the Oxford University Press.

Stationed during the First War at Longmoor, where I tried to instruct R.E. Railway Troops in musketry, I found my main relaxation in walking over to Selborne and peering enviously at White's haunts. He must have been a most agreeable person. For forty-nine years he was a Fellow of Oriel, where he stood for election to the Provostship, but was defeated in 1757. Born in the Selborne Vicarage, where his grandfather was still vicar, he spent about three-quarters of his life in the village. He did not have an eventful career, and there seems to be no doubt that he regarded the study of natural history as his life's work. He hoped that it would redound to the credit of his college and he was right.

White was not a "stay-at-home." For ten years after his ordination he rode all over the Southern and Midland counties, so much so that a friend called him the "huzzar-parson." His records of his annual rides over the South Downs to visit an aunt in Sussex make it clear that he was able to make valuable observations from the saddle that would have been impossible if he had been travelling in a carriage. (As he suffered from coach-sickness it is not surprising that he preferred to ride.)

Anyone who knows Selborne will agree that it was an ideal place for his purposes. It is still lovely to-day, with the Hanger dominating it and protecting it from the west, and to some extent from the south. Between White's house, The Wakes, and the Hanger there is a flat area of meadow and arable land, a large part of which formed what he called his "little park."

There is, in fact, great variety in a small area, and the easy contentment of White's famous *Natural History*, published four years before he died in 1793, is explained by the fact that it is the produce of years spent in a congenial environment. White was an intellectual with many interests outside the village, and his rides, his yearly visits to Oxford, and his long periods in Selborne supplied him with all that he wanted.

White was simple and modest, quick-witted and equable. Friendliness was part of his religion, and Mr. Emden

* *Gilbert White in His Village*. By Cecil S. Emden. O.U.P. 15s.

Come Rain, Come Shine. By John Moore. Collins. 18s.

One Jump Ahead. By Pat Smythe. Cassell. 13s. 6d.

Undertones of War. By Edmund Blunden. World's Classics. O.U.P. 6s.

The Fortress. By Raleigh Trevelyan. Collins. 12s. 6d.

Mrs. Gladstone: The Portrait of a Marriage. By Georgina Battiscombe. Constable. 21s.

The Last Grain Race. By Eric Newby. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Carnival Bound. By Bruce Russell. Macmillan. 21s.

The Mask of Keats. By Robert Gittings. Heinemann. 16s.

Portraits from Memory. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Adonis and the Alphabet. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Authors I Never Met. By Frank Swinerton. Frederick Books. 7s. 6d.

devotes a considerable amount of his book to sketching White in relation to the villagers, and to his own circle. He enjoyed a sociable evening, as a girl visiting his house noted in her diary, "Dined and supped at Mr. White's. After dinner singing and playing. . . . Catches and songs; moderation. At one in the morning we changed caps and wigs with the gentlemen and danced minuets." In Oriel Common Room he was so popular that the place was full when he was in residence, so that the Fellows could hear him tell stories which he did "happily and inimitably."

I have often wished that White had written more about Selborne people. His brief notes about them are among the best things in his book. He was interested in little Tom Clements, "who played much at cricket," and batted to his grandmother's bowling while his great-grandmother "watched out." White's manservant, Thomas Hoar, was with him for forty years. He was a keen naturalist, but clumsy about the house:

Thomas came to his master one morning and said: "Please, sir, I've been and broke a glass." "Broke a glass, Thomas! How did you do that?" "I'll show you, sir." Thereupon he went and brought another wine-glass, which he dropped on the floor, saying: "That's how I broke it, sir." "There, go along, Thomas! You are a great fool," said White, and then muttered to himself: "And I was as great a one for asking such a foolish question."

Mr. Emden notes White's habit of depicting the essentials of remarkable scenes in nature so as to make them memorable. This is the main reason why his book is still read to-day. There is no doubt that *Gilbert White in His Village* will add appreciably to those who return again and again to his *Natural History of Selborne*.

Come Rain, Come Shine, the successor to Mr. John Moore's *The Season of the Year*, has grown out of occasional writings, but there is no sign of scrappiness or hurried composition. It is a warm and friendly book. Tewkesbury and Kemerton are,

as so often before, the focal points, but the reader need not fear that he will find any material which has been worked over in the author's previous writings.

If one wanted to interest a child in crayfish, to take one minute example, what could be better than this?

A very strange little creature inhabits this Cotswold stream. It carries its skeleton outside its body, its jaws outside its mouth, and its stomach in its head. It has white blood, and prefers to swim backwards rather than forwards. If it loses a limb, it gradually grows a new one. Its stomach contains two small stones (used in crushing its food) which old wives and herbalists used to set great store by, regarding them as a magical cure for a great many ills; but in fact they consist simply of carbonate of lime, or chalk.

Gooseberry bushes, elvers, cuckoos, nightingales, willows, butterflies, cats, labourers, poachers, village flower shows, trees, farmers, auctioneers are only a few of the subjects of a most readable and companionable book. The author finds his pleasures throughout the cycle of the years, "no season sweeter than another, glad of the first frost and glad of the first cuckoo, the brown autumn welcome as the green spring." Anyone with a taste for these things who finds *Gilbert White in His Village* and *Come Rain, Come Shine* among his Christmas presents may consider himself lucky.

I never thought that I should dare to review a book by that most modest champion of champions, Miss Pat Smythe. Horses bewilder me and I have never been on friendly terms with them. *One Jump Ahead* is the most disarming autobiography I have ever read because, to use a contemporary term, as a writer Miss Smythe is a "natural." She seems to have talked her book, and in the process she establishes a personality so likeable that, horses or no horses, I read it straight through. Its roots are in the countryside. Miss Smythe sets down experiences encountered all over the world in the show ring. She is one of the lucky people whose interests are almost unlimited. She is as

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likely to take a trip in a helicopter with a hilarious pilot as she is to slip away from her horses to attend an opera, or appear on television. She is a gourmet, a guitar-player, a connoisseur of films and comedians. She enjoys ski-ing and is perfectly willing to experiment with an Olympic torch, a camel, or a donkey.

A reprint of Professor Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War*, long overdue, with a characteristically modest preface by the author, has just appeared in the World's Classics, and reading it once more I can echo Arnold Bennett's verdict, "It cannot *not* be a classic." Even allowing for the prose and verse of Mr. Sassoon, it is certainly the most representative book about the fighting in Flanders written by an Englishman. By a coincidence it has been published about the same time as one of the very best books to be written on the Second War.

This is Mr. Raleigh Trevelyan's *The Fortress*, which covers his part in the fighting at Anzio early in 1944. The author was only twenty when he found himself serving with an infantry battalion at grips with the enemy upon one of the grimmest battlefields in the campaign. Like many of his family, Mr. Trevelyan is a born writer. His recollections are vivid because they were written as a diary on the spot. He analyses his own behaviour under fire, records how his men were affected, describes a leave spent at Naples, Sorrento and Capri, and shows how he grew to manhood under the vital problems that faced him every day for months on end.

The Fortress is not merely a factual account. Mr. Trevelyan would be worth reading if he jotted down his observations about a holiday in the Lake District. Lord Alanbrooke has said of *The Fortress* that it "has a special quality," and it is this that makes me wonder what Mr. Trevelyan will tackle next.

Catherine Glynne, who married W. E. Gladstone, has waited many years for a full biography. There are still those who remember her, and Mrs. Georgina Batiscombe has been able to draw upon

their reminiscences, several biographies and memoirs of the Gladstones, and many unpublished letters in the Hawarden papers, for her *Mrs. Gladstone: The Portrait of a Marriage*. In arriving at the conclusion that her subject's most important achievement was her happy married life the author was right. Catherine was very much a personality in her own right. She had beauty and charm and talent, but she seemed undecided, as so many gifted women of her time were, how she should use these qualities, until she accepted Gladstone's proposal. It was made soon after Catherine had been jilted. Catherine was a born manager, a benevolent matriarch almost, and one realizes how just her husband's compliment was when he quoted to her a line of Dryden's, which he thought "most suitable." It was "And ever be thou blest who liv'st to bless." After over fifty years of married life Catherine could write to her husband, "I am longing to get back to *somebody*. Who can that be? God bless you. Be very good."

Related to Glynnes, Talbots, and Lytteltons, Catherine enjoyed from childhood a delightful, varied social life. It would not have been enough for her if she had not met Gladstone. One of her daughters remarked how her mother loved being "inside the main spring of history and all the stir and stress and throb of the machine is life and breath to her." It was true, but Catherine always gave all she could to the person who needed her most. It was usually her husband, but once, when one of her boys was ill, she darted off to a primitive Welsh inn and slept on the floor by his bed while she nursed him. Her spare time was spent in helping the landlady to keep the place clean.

Sailing ships have inspired some of the best sea stories, true and invented, which readers have enjoyed, and the latest, Mr. Eric Newby's *The Last Grain Race*, is a racy addition to the library. Bored by his work in a London advertising agency, the author signed on at the age of eighteen in the four-masted *Moshulu* for the round trip to Australia and back,

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outwards round the Cape of Good Hope in ballast, and homewards round Cape Horn with a cargo of grain. *Moshulu* was the largest of the dozen or more sailing ships which strove to make the speediest passage home, and Mr. Newby took part in the last grain race that was ever sailed, in 1939. He took his own photographs and they make apt comments on his lively book. The crew were a varied assortment of Finns, Swedes and Danes, speaking a language of their own. As the only Englishman on board, Mr. Newby had his difficulties in making it clear to his shipmates that he was a "proper strongbody." He succeeded and so did *Moshulu*. She won the grain race with a passage of ninety-one days, and the author began a fresh series of adventures in a highly secret war organization.

The Last Grain Race is one more of the real-life stories that authors seem to throw off nowadays with the greatest of ease. I hope Mr. Newby may be tempted to try again. His spirit is as adventurous as Mr. Bruce Russell's, a young Australian who thumbed his way round a large part of the globe, presumably as a means of refreshment after a spell as a newspaper's parliamentary correspondent in Canberra.

To begin with, he worked on a backwoods construction project in Canada. Taking to the road, he went to Alaska and then to an Eskimo village inside the Arctic Circle. With a Samoyed pup as companion he passed through America on the way to his objective, Rio de Janeiro, where he arrived at a time of high festivity which gives his book its title, *Carnival Bound*. It is full of entertainment, quick observation, and amusing stories. Mr. Russell should have an eventful career as a descriptive reporter.

Mr. Robert Gittings's *The Living Year* is one of the most rewarding books about Keats ever written. In order to clear up several loose ends, the author has published a supplementary volume of Keatsiana, *The Mask of Keats*, in which he has used his attractive methods of detection and exposition to deal with such subjects as Keats's debt to Dante, the

true meaning behind *The Cap and the Bells*, the date of the *Bright Star* sonnet, and the little-known death mask of the poet. These varied pieces are good in themselves, but they appear to the best advantage when they are read in conjunction with *The Living Year*.

Among the writers who continue to maintain their own well-tryed standards Bertrand Russell and Mr. Aldous Huxley are in the front rank. Earl Russell's *Portraits from Memory* are memorable for glimpses behind the scenes by a master observer. The vignettes of Shaw, Wells, and the Webbs, are full of sly humour, but the portrait of Conrad is by far the best thing I have ever read about this usually inscrutable character. His summing up of D. H. Lawrence is masterly:

But this is not to say that there was anything good in his ideas. I do not think in retrospect that they had any merit whatsoever. They were the ideas of a sensitive would-be despot who got angry with the world because it would not instantly obey. When he realised that other people existed, he hated them. But most of the time he lived in a solitary world of his own imaginings, peopled by phantoms as fierce as he wished them to be. His excessive emphasis on sex was due to the fact in sex alone he was compelled to admit that he was not the only being in the universe. But it was because this admission was so painful that he conceived of sex relations as a perpetual fight in which each is attempting to destroy the other.

Time rolls back when the author writes about his grandfather, Lord John Russell, who was born in 1792, only a fortnight after Shelley. The book also includes Earl Russell's admirable lecture on John Stuart Mill.

Mr. Huxley's new book of essays is mainly concerned with the future. *Adonis and the Alphabet* is full of provocative advice on all kinds of things. It is hardly likely, for example, that the modern hostess will pay any attention to his advice that a "talking book" should replace the dreary conversation at her

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THE BOOKS OF THE YEAR**

CASSELL

dinner table or that the best of mankind's literature would have a wider circulation if it were made available on cheap slow-playing records.

Canned fish, department stores, Bertrand Russell, and the cinema organ are among the innumerable things that have caught Mr. Huxley's eye, and there is a pleasant piece about greeting cards, worthy to take its place beside the author's celebrated disquisition, written years ago, about pantomime songs. No miscellany by Mr. Huxley is ever "the mixture as before," and *Adonis and the Alphabet* shows him in exceedingly good form.

In a Foreword to Elizabeth Robins's *Raymond and I* Mr. Leonard Woolf says that when the author brought the manuscript to Virginia Woolf and himself more than twenty years ago they agreed to publish it at once. Difficulties soon cropped up. Miss Robins's brother, Raymond, objected and it was arranged that the book should be published only after his death, which occurred last year.

Miss Robins and her brother were both gifted, unusual people. She was not only a supremely good actress in Ibsen's plays. She also wrote a best-selling novel, *The Magnetic North*, which the critics received with considerable respect. Raymond Robins threw up a potentially brilliant career at the American Bar to seek gold on the Yukon. In turn he discarded this ambition in order to become the spiritual leader of a pioneering community at Nome in Alaska. The author went thousands of miles to meet him there and stayed six weeks, encountering all kinds of oddities on her journey.

Raymond had a struggle between his two great desires. He would like to have returned to civilization with his sister, but he felt that the people at Nome needed him so much that he ought to stay. Elizabeth Robins succeeded in giving a most impressive account of her oddly talented brother. She also showed that she was a woman of great charity and bravery herself. When these things are added to her accomplishments as actress and author, she becomes a woman of notable stature.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton can safely be called one of the leading professional authors of the day. With the exception of *Nocturne*, his novels have not been praised as they should have been. His *Georgian Literary Scene* is by far the best book on English literary circles before the last war, and he has assessed contemporary reputations in it with something like an infallible eye. To him we owe Daisy Ashford's *Young Visitors*, as he discovered it when he was reading for a publisher. His new opusculum, *Authors I Never Met*, contains urbane judgments on Hardy, James, Conrad, Douglas, Saintsbury, and D. H. Lawrence. They appear in a neat format with drawings by Alfred E. Taylor. It is the kind of little book that some publishers (not this one) advertise as just the thing for a Christmas card. I agree, but I should prefer to receive it than to give it. It is not so long ago that one could buy two Penguins for what has now become the price of a modest card.

ERIC GILLET.

WHAT PRICE THE DUAL MANDATE?

LUGARD: THE YEARS OF ADVENTURE. By Margery Perham. Collins. 42s.

THIS is a long book; its pages number more than 700, and there is a second volume to come. More than enough, one might think, for the most voracious appetite.

It is difficult to say how long the perfect biography should be. But for the devoted, no detail is too small, no incident without interest; and it is evident that it is primarily for the devoted that Miss Perham has written. These number many thousands, both here at home and scattered over many countries overseas, and I can confidently say that all these will be enthralled by this book.

It should be more widely read than that. In these days there are many clichés about colonialism, and few of them are kind. It is well, therefore, that the critics should

What Price the Duel Mandate ?

have this opportunity of studying the motives—an admixture of the ideal, the practical and the commercial—which brought embryo States under the sway of Great Britain. Their protagonists do not come out of it so badly. This is a book which would provide Mr. John Foster Dulles, who is said to be inadequately informed on these matters, with excellent holiday reading in the relaxed days after the Presidential election. Perhaps Miss Perham will consider sending him a complimentary copy.

It is eminently readable. It plunges into the story of Lugard's harsh upbringing, delightfully depicting the Victorian atmosphere; it tells of the broken romance which sent him off to mend or end his life in Africa as a deck-passenger on a malodorous coasting steamer; of his tremendous fights against odds; of his remarkable power of negotiating from weakness; of his quarrels; of his friendships and, above all, his overmastering sanity. And throughout it all are neatly threaded somewhat lengthy, somewhat donnish, but always lucid and well-marshalled comments on the African political scene. This is, understandably enough, an advantage; unrelieved adventure is sometimes surfeiting.

However, the picture of Lugard himself stands out sharply throughout, and no less sharply his humane dual purpose: the achievement of peace among the warring tribes and the suppression of slavery. The fight was peculiarly his own. Indeed, it is not until the last pages that Lugard's first official appointment is recorded. He worked for the pioneering companies.

In a large degree this book is a background to Lugard's own great work, *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa*. No doubt this will be fully dealt with in the second volume, but it is impossible to write of Lugard without mentioning it here. Written after retirement, it was universally regarded as the foremost exposition of enlightened colonial policy.

Lugard was in fact the bright particular star of hundreds of young men setting out on their colonial careers between the two wars—young men who had been encouraged to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest all that was written in *The*

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★ MACMILLAN ★

Dual Mandate. Some indeed had been his guests at Abinger, and sat at his feet and listened to much of what is recounted in these pages. He was their hero.

His book was a truly remarkable achievement. It dealt on a very wide scale with general policy, the principles of administration, the relations of the Home Government and the Dependencies, and much else besides. But surely the passage which commands the greatest interest to-day is his statement on the racial problem. I quote it:

Here, then, is the true conception of the inter-relation of colour: complete uniformity in ideals, absolute equality in the paths of knowledge and culture, equal opportunity for those who strive, equal admiration for those who achieve; in matters social and racial a separate path, each pursuing his own inherited traditions, preserving his own race-purity and race-pride; equality in things spiritual, agreed divergence in the physical and material.

This pronouncement was widely eulogized. It received the stamp of Government authority. It was quoted with approval by the then President of the United States. It was religiously instilled into the minds of the young men going to take up posts overseas.

Where does it stand now? Little more than a generation has passed and already we are living in a different epoch. Here was a great man, justly admired as "a frank man, a brave man, an able man, and an upright man." (The words are Gladstone's.) He gives the fruit of his faith and experience, and already it is considered, at least in part, no longer valid, and even widely and angrily condemned . . . "in matters social and racial a separate path."

How has so great a change come about? And in these few years? Has it come too quickly? Or should it have been introduced earlier, by slow degrees, when all pressure was absent? Did Lugard realize that his pronouncement covered no more than a preliminary stage in development? Or was he, after all, right? These are questions for the second volume.

ERIC DUTTON.

GREAT INTERPRETER

TOSCANINI AND THE ART OF ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCE. By Robert C. Marsh. *George Allen and Unwin Ltd.* 18s.

DR. MARSH has attempted with some success to write the first rounded and documented study of a great conductor. Until the recent improvements in gramophone recording, helped by the long-playing developments, it was not possible to make a critical survey of any conductor in intended permanent form, for the simple reason that one could hope to present and examine only by memory, or by lasting impressions of distant experiences in concert-halls and opera houses, where at the best of times, objective judgment is hard to come by. For instance, I would not hope by argument to convince Dr. Marsh that Nikisch was as an imaginative interpreter of orchestral music, not the inferior of Toscanini. There is no clinching evidence left nowadays, aural or other, that Nikisch could conduct at all.

As an instance of Dr. Marsh's method of demonstrating his points by references to recorded performances, I quote a passage from his book pertaining to his statement to the effect that Toscanini really did change certain of his interpretations from time to time—a view contrary to the opinions of many of Toscanini's admirers and critics. "Progress in recording techniques has been so rapid that we tend to forget that to record symphonic music from the air in the 'thirties one had to have two expensive disc cutters and keep switching back and forth as one changed recording blanks"—and more technical details to the same end; followed by ". . . it is on the basis of what material exists that the question of Toscanini's changing manner of interpretation must be discussed." So Dr. Marsh compares two recordings of the *Don Pasquale* overture, one made in 1921, the other in 1951.

We can (he maintains), put it (the 1921 version) on one turn-table, place the 1951 on another, and proceed right through the work [*sic*], alternating passages between the two without producing anything inconsistent or artistically disturbing. The style of both performances is the same, and thus

GREAT INTERPRETER

they can be spliced into one another without violent injury to the music. The detail, however, differs somewhat, the earlier performance being somewhat more relaxed and containing some *tempo rubato* that the version of thirty years later lacks. . . . The lesson seems obvious. The *bel canto* style which is correct for Italian music has been thoroughly ingrained in Toscanini from his earliest years. . . . I am not therefore at all surprised that the two *Don Pasquales* sound so much alike: what would shock me would be that they did not.

All of which may appear naïve, but Dr. Marsh goes on to point out that "in German music a different situation prevailed." Toscanini it seems, first adopted German practices—"slower tempi and a certain number of rhetorical inflections"—then absorbing these traits into his own "artistic personality," modulated to a "transitional" performance, in which Toscanini's *bel canto* manner replaced some of the German characteristics, or subdued them; then he arrived at a third period, the "singing" performance, in

which German influences have disappeared and Toscanini has reconceived the work in terms of little or no rhetoric.

Dr. Marsh could scarcely say fairer than that. There is also the consideration that the dyer's hand occasionally becomes subdued to what it works in. Maybe the technique of "High Fidelity" may influence even original genius. I can well imagine an "ancestral" performance by Furtwängler not satisfying the recording engineers at all, if only because one day his tempo might not accommodate itself even to the latest long-playing resources and devices.

On the whole, Dr. Marsh considers his subject broadly, and for all his high appreciation, does not lavish on a great musician the praise usually expected by the *prima donna*. The biographical section is concise and complete enough, with one or two unfamiliar stories. Toscanini, we read, "regarded" Beecham with some contempt "as no more than a rich man's son playing with orchestras and opera

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NELSON

Great Interpreter

companies the way that other rich young men amuse themselves with chorus girls and horses." Only grudgingly has Toscanini admitted that Beecham has "achieved distinction on the basis of purely musical accomplishments."

The two men, of course, are at extremes—Toscanini may be likened to the experienced and professional vintner. Beecham is the connoisseur, rolling the wine over his palate at will, and by choice, sharing the pleasure with his friends.

NEVILLE CARDUS.

Novels

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. Nicholas Monsarrat. *Cassell*. 18s.

HOMEcomings. C. P. Snow. *Macmillan*. 15s.

THE KING OF A RAINY COUNTRY. Brigid Brophy. *Secker and Warburg*. 15s.

THE BRIGHT PRISON. Penelope Mortimer. *Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

THE GREAT MAN. Al Morgan. *Hutchinson*. 12s. 6d.

CASUALTY. Robert Romanis. *Deutsch*. 13s. 6d.

DEATH AT FLIGHT. Colin Willock. *Heinemann*. 13s. 6d.

THOUGH it is not, like *The Cruel Sea*, informed by personal experience, *The Tribe that Lost its Head* displays its author at his ablest as a story-teller. It is a book of great complexity, with many shifts of scene and personality and atmosphere, all of which is managed with no trace of effort and with nice adjustment of style to the tempo of narration. It is a tale of our times. To an imagined African island its young chief returns Oxford-educated and determined to accelerate his people's progress. He is soon resentful of the obstacles (some of them officialdom). Then it is disclosed that he plans to marry a white wife. Away in the backwoods a kind of Mau-Mau starts, to end inevitably in atrocities and, on the other hand, the chief's exile. Though it is the story that chiefly matters (and it is a gripping one), Nicholas Monsarrat presents more than adequately a great diversity of characters. By and large he ends on the side of the Administration, for all its

Novels

human shortcomings; his villain is the sensational Press, which (or one of its representatives) stimulates the chief to folly. The reader must be warned that the atrocities and obscenities are described with horrid realism. This the plot may be said to need; other "frank" passages are harder of justification, but I expect that they will promote rather than limit sales—which will surely be very large.

There is perhaps more profundity in C. P. Snow, one of our major novelists. Indeed, the "plain reader" may find him over-subtle in his analyses of human conduct. Unquestionably *Homecomings* shows him to advantage, but can it be fully appreciated by those who have not read its precursors? Judged "on its own," as it must be, it falls short of satisfaction. The uninstructed may well be puzzled by the ending of Lewis Elliot's first marriage, and little less by his second marriage and the stages through which it is reached, for this needs more knowledge than this volume affords. (Even Elliot's profession and his duties in a not wholly convincing wartime Whitehall are hard to discover.) This, however, is but an obstacle to full appreciation. Not only Snow-habitues will surmount it in enjoyment of incisive portraiture and smooth narrative. Mr. Snow too, by the way, employs bedtime realism.

The story does not matter much in *The King of a Rainy Country*. A young couple—Neale, a poet who dishwashes all night, and Susan, a day-worker for a purveyor of pornography (so they can share a flat without sleeping together)—search for Cynthia, once Susan's schoolfriend (as a series of flashbacks relate) and more recently figuring in an improper picture book. This takes them, since they have no money, as couriers to Venice; and here the tentative Neale-Susan love affair fades into two groupings, of Cynthia and Neale and of Susan and Helena, famous opera singer now dying of cancer. In all this there are at least two potential short stories, but as the theme of a novel it is thin-stretched; so its appeal mainly depends—and can do so with a good deal of confidence—upon the humour, oddity, satire and sometimes depth of feeling of the

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JOHN MURRAY

secondary characters. This is a familiar technique these days. Brigid Brophy handles it well, and writes well too.

Next I have to introduce a family consisting of a harassed couple with four children—none of them very attractive. One wild weekend shakes and reshapes it like a kaleidoscope, which I gather we are to take as realistically meant—as the presentation of a likely true-life happening. I should have been happier if I had discovered it all to be a nightmare. Parents may no doubt suddenly become aware of the frustration of domestic convention, but I for one do not easily believe, for example, in a middle-aged mother falling instantly in love with a stranger who brings a child to her children's party. My interpretation too, makes it easier to laugh at the book's humour, without dodging the impact of its attack upon *The Bright Prison* that matrimony no doubt can be.

There is only one doubt about *The Great Man*, and that is what Ed Harris in fact

will say in the U.S.-wide broadcast in memory of the late Herb Fuller. Harris is lined up to inherit the Fuller programme and wear the Fuller mantle; and Fuller was every listening American's best, most humorous friend, a tremendous national figure. But as Harris learns in a few days of intensive search the real Fuller was horribly different. And so, apart from the question of integrity involved in the laudatory script which Harris has prepared, he has to face what he must surely make of himself if indeed he is to wear that mantle. This is a sophisticated, uninhibited picture not only of the American radio world, but also of the gullibility—is it only of the American public? Perhaps it would be wise of all of us who view or listen, to read Al Morgan's fiction-based-on-experience, and look more critically at some of our judgements.

Realism is certainly the keynote of *Casualty*. This is an account of a few days in the life, mainly the professional life, of a young casualty officer in a hospital standing remarkably close to St. Thomas's. It can scarcely be said to have a plot at all. No doubt the series of episodes which it recounts—exciting or moving, comic or exasperating—are fictitious, but it is because they might obviously quite well be true (and because Robert Romanis is not only a doctor, but also an excellent writer) that the book holds the reader's close attention; and surely adds both to knowledge and to admiration of one branch of the medical profession. In general, we are shown the immense value of proper understanding between patient and doctor and the need for a doctor to have the courage of his diagnosis.

Colin Willock is an enthusiastic East Anglian wild-fowler. This explains the choice and the vividness of the setting of his *Death at Flight*. As a mystery story it is adequate—even if it is rather an archaism to use a storm to segregate the scene of a crime so that the amateur sleuth has it all to himself. But the real trouble with the book is that the wild-fowling background quite overshadows the puzzle, which ought to be the focus of interest.

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Art

BRAQUE AT THE TATE

I WENT with a Brigadier who, like every other retired Brigadier, has taken up painting in oils. But, the little knowledge gained from evening classes at the Art School seems only to have reinforced his natural conservatism and he approached a dangerous modern like Braque (born in 1882) with the caution of an Alderman entering a rock-'n-roll meeting. He softened when he learnt that Braque had been wounded seriously in the First War, responded, as everyone who has tried to paint in oils must respond, to such an exquisite and subtle use of paint, and ended by making a far more intelligent comment than anything I had said, by quoting T. E. Lawrence who refers somewhere, apparently, to "the essential radiance of things."

The phrase describes almost every picture by Braque, for the things he has painted so long and so lovingly are chiefly simple inanimate objects which become, under his treatment, strangely animate. Always changing, sometimes out of recognition, they reappear again and again as if leading an independent but organic existence; indeed, many a notability might wish that his or her portrait staring from the walls of the Royal Academy had as much vitality as a Braque jug.

Here—and what a nice change it makes—are no histrionics, no symbolism, no psychology, no message of any kind except the message of paint itself. To the "pure painter"—and Braque excels all living painters in this respect—the essential problems of form, colour and space can be faced as seriously on the kitchen table as in the Himalayas. He is the poet of studio clutter, the visionary of what, with all respect to him, might be re-named *bric-à-braque*. Mescaline, one gathers, has the same power of investing the common-place with supra-normal beauty.

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DENT

inevitability about the development of a great artist. This exhibition, quite admirably arranged and catalogued by Mr. Douglas Cooper, enables one to watch Braque's progress from an early love of Corot, through a delightful flirtation with the Fauves, to the Cubism which he and Picasso invented together; and ultimately to that adaptable and undogmatic extension of Cubism, which, for about thirty-five years now, has been simply and uniquely "Braque," the means by which he expresses his love of Normandy beaches, of still-life objects, of French interiors with their rich variety of pattern and texture, and of too much else to mention here.

He is obsessed, he tells us, with space, more particularly with the space enclosed by a room. The problem, put briefly, is that the moving eye takes delight in more detail than can be recorded at a time in one picture, if you abide by the old rules

for describing space by perspective and chiaroscuro. Braque's technical achievement is to have found a way of including everything at once, of showing the back as well as the front of objects, the ceiling as well as the floor, by pressing the whole room and its contents out flat, like some enormous flower. Under this process the objects sometimes remain identifiably themselves, even with their shadows attached, at others they become fragmented, so that the jug, oranges, etc., are mixed up with the gilt table, its marble top, and the patterned wallpaper. But the technical innovations of one day become the academic jargon of the next and Braque's grammar, so to speak, can be seen imitated everywhere. As we left the Tate, my Brigadier said he was already tired of painting in the Impressionist manner, and could hardly wait to get home to try painting like Braque.

The manner, then, has already become inevitably debased. What endures, and is inimitable, is his vision, his love, his painterly imagination, his transforming touch, call it what you will; in short, the personality flowing through every picture. To those, if such there are among the readers of this *Review*, who have never succumbed to the lure of this personality, and who can't obtain their Mescaline, one can only say: "Go and listen to one of the few voices which still speaks with both sanity and wonder in this hideously neurotic time."

JOHN VERNEY.

N.B. The Exhibition of Braque paintings at the Tate Gallery will close on November 11th.



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Financial

European Market

THE discussion of the plan for a European Common Market is undoubtedly the most important of all the items of economic news which have been published since the October issue went to press. The implementation of such a scheme would lead to repercussions in the

FINANCIAL

industrial life of this country—and therefore in the stock markets—of the greatest importance.

The broad terms of the plan are that the European Powers concerned will enjoy free trade with each other and a single tariff system towards other Powers. There will be free trade in the European area, but Britain will continue to operate British tariffs based on the system of Imperial Preference. As Commonwealth goods enter the United Kingdom free of duty, so the goods of the European Powers concerned would be duty free; other countries would continue to pay tariffs. An important exception would be agricultural produce, which particularly concerns the Dominions.

A reorganization of our system of trade on such a scale is bound to affect many industries deeply, for better or worse according to their relative competitive powers. The large European free trade market will be welcomed by highly competitive industries, but to those which have largely depended on protection the free

trade area will become a serious threat. So far the plan is under discussion at different political levels, but it will increasingly become a burning subject, not only in political circles, but in board rooms throughout the country. As the probable pattern emerges the stock markets will be affected as investors decide how companies might be helped or hindered. It will be a long time before markets begin to be affected by anticipation of the probable results of the proposals on industry, but there is no doubt that investors will have to follow the course of the current discussions and their outcome carefully. The textile market provides an example of the problems which might face investors, since it appears that producers of quality fabrics would welcome a greatly enlarged market under open competition, whereas other sections which have depended on tariffs for their existence in face of competition would have an extremely difficult time in a tariff-free European market. A complete reassessment of company prospects and share values will eventually be necessary.



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Atomic Electricity

The official opening of the Calder Hall Power Station helped to create renewed interest in what the market calls "atomics," meaning the shares of those companies which are connected with the production of atomic plants and ancillary machinery. A number of prominent industrial companies specializing in one or more of the types of machinery required for atomic plants have combined to form groups which offer to undertake the design and construction of complete atomic plants and power stations. The firms in these groups have been doing well, and the prospect of future orders for atomic plant, perhaps numerous export orders over the next few years, does make them attractive to the long-term investor. The Atomic Energy Research Station at Harwell has made more rapid strides than was anticipated, and the Director, Sir John Cockcroft, has publicly indicated that the generating capacity driven by atomic energy in Britain will probably be two or

three times the original forecast by 1965. Other countries will be following this lead and the companies which have the experience should be able to secure valuable orders for many years ahead.

Costs of Production

Investors who try to plan a reasonable yield over a long term, with the hope that the value of their holdings will increase by something more than the amount required to keep pace with the fall in the purchasing value of the pound, must always try to assess how the firms whose shares they hold will be affected by rising costs of production. The cost of raw materials is usually difficult to assess because the price levels of commodities vary greatly according to world supply and demand. The cost of labour, which is such a large part of the cost of most manufactured goods, is something which each firm can assess so long as it knows that wages will remain stable. Any increase in the cost of transport can upset the calculated profit

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Financial

margins of companies throughout the country, and for this reason the Transport Commission and the National Union of Railwaymen are bodies whose activities are watched with interest by investors. Another battle between the two has begun. The N.U.R. is to submit a claim for an increase of 2s. in the £, the cost of which, if it were granted, would add about £40 million to the nation's transport bill.

The Transport Commission has an annual deficit of about £45 million. The latest figures for freight tonnage carried are down by 3.8 per cent. on last year, and the freight revenue by about 4.8 per cent. Can the public and the producers afford to pay another £40 million? Could the dispute lead to another railway strike? The prospect is a dim one for industry, and therefore for investors. But the prospect has not caused a price decline in industrial shares, probably because so many small investors would rather hold equity shares if the inevitable twist to the inflationary spiral came; they do not usually sell until something has happened to alarm them, and the institutions are long-term holders to whom strikes are only temporary dislocations.

Balance of Payments

The White Paper published in October showed that there was an improvement, compared with the second half of last year, of about £250 million in the current balance of payments. Imports were kept in check and exports rose.

The September trade figures, however, show that the gap increased by £3 million in September, during which both exports and imports fell to the lowest levels since June 1955, when the dock strike so seriously upset trade. These figures had little if any effect on the market, which was in a lethargic condition, and not inclined to worry much about statistics which were not considered significant. Indeed, except for special cases such as "take over" rumours, or share exchange deals, and sudden (and usually short-lived) spurts in a particular market, the general tone

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throughout most of October has been quiet, with very little business of any size. The Presidential election so greatly affects Wall Street, where the result will have an immediate effect on prices, that many market men suggest that London is also waiting for the signal on November 10th before investors will commit themselves.

There is no doubt that there is a lot of money waiting for investment. New issues during October went well, and there are more waiting in the pipeline. November should be an active month in the market.

LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

KLEMPERER'S full stature as an interpreter of Beethoven was magnificently displayed in his recent recording of the "Eroica" Symphony (Columbia 33CX1346), and is now again revealed in the Seventh Symphony, in which, as in the previous issue, he conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra. His marvellously clear presentation of the great score—given, it need hardly be said, without any searching for effect—is partnered by superb orchestral playing, and recording even better than that of the "Eroica." This is a most exciting (in the best sense) and rewarding issue (Columbia 33CX1379).

I was reminded by Solti's fine performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, of the days when that great burst into E major in the final movement seemed so sublime it had me in tears. One's perspective may have altered, but this is the composer's nearest approach to a credo, and it remains a moving one. The slow movement, which does not live up to its opening section, is beautifully played; and indeed, given the special characteristics of French woodwind and brass, so is the whole work. The recording is excellent (Decca LXT5241).

The finale of the Fifth Symphony is uncut, but there are several cuts (wisely) in the composer's Second Piano Concerto, which Shura Cherkassky plays, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Richard Kraus, as poetically and brilliantly as he did the B Flat Minor (DGM18013). The Siloti version of the G Major is used and, though the editor could not eliminate all the weak spots, the pianist manages them with the greatest tact. It is difficult to believe any better performance than this could be given, and the recording is, with one or two small reservations, worthy of it (D.G.G. DGM18292).

If Confucius was right in saying that the power of music over us lay not in the sound but in the heart in the sound, then Stravinsky's *Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments* must be powerless, for it certainly is heartless. There is a certain fascination in following the composer's masterly treatment of his material, and even in his refusal to be expressive; and those who enjoy mental musical pleasures will find much here of interest—above all in the huge *Toccata* that forms the first movement. With this austere work is coupled the three-movement *Capriccio* for piano and orchestra, and composed five years later, when Stravinsky had been somewhat thawed by his studies in Tchaikovsky's music—hence some charm and grace are to be found in this work. Nikita Magaloff, with Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra, could have done more to bring out these qualities in the *Capriccio*, but does admirably well in the un pianistic *Concerto*. The recording is very good (Decca LXT5154).

Chamber Music

Good recording, as such, of chamber music always needs to be emphasized, as the reverse is more prejudicial to this than to any other kind of music. It is a pleasure therefore to find the Italian Quartet's pleasing performances of Haydn's "Bird" (C major) and "Sunrise" (B flat major) quartets, from op. 33 and 76 respectively, satisfactory in this matter (Columbia

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33CX1383). Good recording, again, accompanies a most delightful clutch (or whatever the appropriate term should be!) of three Boccherini quintets, played by the admirable organization with the composer's name. It includes *the* Minuet, played at last in its proper form, without *kitsch*, and put in here as a fill-up (H.M.V. ALP1385).

Instrumental

Stefan Askenase completes his recording of Chopin's *Nocturnes* on D.G.G. DGM18263, playing as beautifully and poetically as before. I have not greatly cared for recordings of Bach made by Jeanne Demessieux, but her disc of the three Franck chorals (with a Vivaldi-Bach A Minor Concerto as fill-up) played on the organ of the Victoria Hotel, Geneva, shows this talented organist at her best, and there is no cause here to quarrel with her registrations (Decca LXT5185).

Song

A well-planned recital by Jacqueline Delman, accompanied by Ivor Newton, includes two of Wolf's most beautiful songs not hitherto available on L.P. These are *Schlafendes Jesuskind* (Mörike) and *Bedeckt Mich Mit Blumen* (Spanish Song Book), Miss Delman also sings four of the lighter songs from the Italian Song Book and six of Brahms's folk-song arrangements. She has a clear and attractive soprano voice and almost invariably gives pleasure if not yet complete satisfaction; but this is a promising disc. The piano tone is rather wooden, but the voice is well recorded (Decca LW5254).

A notable issue is *Five Centuries of Spanish Song* (Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque). Material and composers will be unknown to most of us, but with Victoria de los Angeles singing at her glorious best the interest and beauty of the music are not a moment in doubt, and there is an excellent sleeve note to help. Accompaniments are well played by an instrumental ensemble of modern instruments, an anachronism and a matter of

regret to the expert—but of less moment to others (H.M.V. ALP1393).

Opera

The Toscanini broadcasts of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, reproduced on H.M.V. ALP1304-5, date from December 1944, and there are moments in the generally excellent reproduction when one is made aware of that. The point, however, is that the discs bring us yet another of the maestro's great performances, even if not such good singing as on the Furtwängler discs (H.M.V. ALP1130-2), though I prefer Rose Bampton's Leonora to Martha Mödl's, that artist having been well below her best in the H.M.V. set. The other principals are Moscona, Janssen, Peerce and Steber. The orchestra and chorus are those of the N.B.C. (H.M.V. ALP 1304-5).

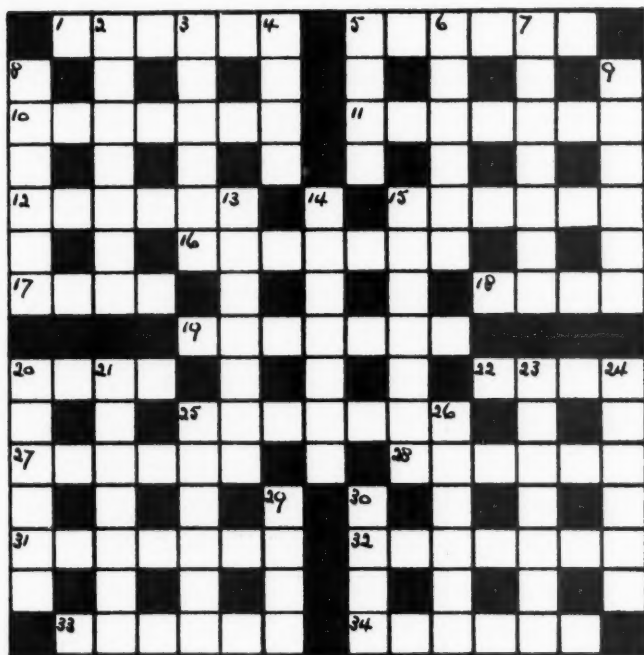
A marvellous performance of Scenes 4 and 5 from Carl Orff's *Antigone* (in Hölderlin's version), with Goltz, Uhde, Greindl and Rössl-Majdan, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, conducted by Hollreiser, gives one a chance to get to grips with this extraordinary opera. The huge and mainly percussive orchestra (the string basses are the only bowed instruments used) is sparingly used and its contribution is rarely worthy of the tragic theme, though usually effective enough. The singers are mainly given rhythmic declamation, largely unaccompanied, ranging from neo-plainsong to the sort of writing familiar in Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, and an occasional moment of *arioso*. The result, in this superb and splendidly recorded performance, is undeniably impressive and sometimes really moving (Philips ABL3116).

Also recommended

A selection of Puccini arias in English, including numbers from *Suor Angelica* and *La Fanciulla del West*, sung by Joan Hammond with greater intimacy of style—most welcome—than she has usually shown. Fine orchestral accompanying by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Glauco Curiel (H.M.V. BLP1086).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 3



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on November 12th. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Last month's winner is: Miss D. Lumsden, New Barn, North Hinksey, Oxford.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Without this unpleasant creature progress would be impossible (6).
5. Not a good article in Iran (6).
10. Island with doctors in the market-places (7).
11. Like a snake, almost sanguine (7).
12. Fruit for an ogre (6).
15. He speaks at the centre or at each end (6).
16. Nobody could describe its language as un-parliamentary! (7).
17. Yorkshire river whence many drives are taken (4).
18. It should be underfoot (4).
19. This city should provide some interest (7).
20. Such material may go to pot (4).
22. Premier scene of a fall (4).
25. "Every worm beneath the moon draws different. . . ." (7).
Tennyson (*The Two Voices*).
27. A penny present to hold fast (6).
28. Mysterious officer commanding worship (6).
31. Wells roused him in a novel way (7).
32. He wants to know why people are late (7).
33. More enthusiastic mourner? (6)
34. Cunning bustle (6).

DOWN

2. Rubbish receptacle in a French station (7).
3. One hug is sufficient (6).
4. Whirled for a time (4).
5. A girl lacking in finish, unfortunately (4).
6. Drags back to a mythological heaven (6).
7. A Roman road over a hill for one with high ideas of travel (7).
8. A cart qualifying as flotsam? (6).
9. Lack of hatred (6).
13. It gives pain to the listener (7).
14. They are held in trying circumstances (7).
15. Ronald's peculiar and has nothing on a Shakespearean character (7).
20. I join in the pursuit in a carriage (6).
21. The late runner perhaps (7).
23. Daily feature of the watch around a vessel (7)
24. "Art may err, but . . . cannot miss." (6).
Dryden (*The Cock and Fox*).
25. Saw some cloth in a shade of brown (6).
26. Mark sailor beetle (6).
29. Joel Chandler Harris's brother (4).
30. Followers of John (4).

ACROSS—1. Bathroom. 5. Stress. 9. Escapade. 10. Breeze. 11. Clarinet. 12. Litter. 14. Alteration. 18. Camberwell. 22. Icicle. 23. Advocate. 24. Animal. 25. Antigone. 26. Ernest. 27. Sausages.

DOWN—1. Bleach. 2. Tictac. 3. Repaid. 4. Oddfellows. 6. Terminal. 7. Electric. 8. Shearing. 13. Belladonna. 15. Echinate. 16. Ambition. 17. Heeltaps. 19. Tories. 20. Sarong. 21. Sewers.

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